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TWO {SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6d.



MRS. GRIMWOOD, THE HEROINE OF MANIPUR.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"People should not travel on Sunday" is a very popular sentiment, but as there are works of necessity, so also there are voyages, and if the voyage lasts beyond six days it includes the Sunday. It may be said, indeed, that this does not apply to land travel, where on the seventh day one can always "get out and stop," though in some places (such as the steppes of Siberia) it is not so easy as to stop and get out. At all events, if you start from certain stations on the North-Western line, except on what our Scotch friends call "a lawful day," with luggage, one is made to suffer for it. This fact was brought home to me on a recent Sabbath, when my cab put me down with two portmanteaus and a hamper at the Kilburn Station. In this free and democratic age, every man may be expected, perhaps, to carry his own portmanteau, but surely, unless he is a Hercules, not two of them, with a hamper in addition. Yet this was what the L. and N.W.R. evidently expected of me. The position was most embarrassing, and only to be paralleled by the well-known enigma as to the conveyance of a fox, a goose, and a bushel of corn across a river, where one or two of them have to be left till called for; for if I carried the portmanteaus down to the platform I must leave the hamper exposed to all Kilburn, which has, I suppose, its due proportion of thieves, and they would probably appropriate it; and if I carried the hamper and left the portmanteaus they would most certainly take them. In the hamper there were edibles, not procurable (of course) in the country, but which could be replaced. In the portmanteaus were certain manuscripts, priceless (or nearly so) in value, and impossible to be reproduced (except in print), so I took the portmanteaus. Every sporting character understands the meaning of "weight for age," but it is only a few persons who know what it is, after a certain time of life, to carry two heavy burdens down two flights of stairs. Now I know why in athletic exhibitions such a point is made of lifting enormous weights—but even in that case they have not to be carried downstairs. But somehow or other I accomplished it, at a loss of several pounds of adipose tissue and a hundredweight of temper.

Hot, trembling, and fatigued, I dropped the things anywhere on the platform, and then my anxious thoughts fled to my poor unprotected hamper: its frame was slight, it had no lock, and when you touched it there was a refreshing sound of bottled liquor which no honest man, let alone a rogue, could on that sultry Sunday have resisted. I felt that I must make a desperate effort to preserve it: but where was I to leave my portmanteaus? There were a good many passengers on the platform, and among them, no doubt, the usual average of rogues. Once more I looked wildly about for a porter; I might as well have looked for an ibis. A gentleman who was evidently enjoying my embarrassment, in association with one of the worst cigars it was ever my misfortune to smell, informed me (but much more concisely) that any person who expected to find porters at Kilburn Station on a Sunday could have very little experience of our railway system. My portmanteaus were lying under the advertisement of somebody's soap, which itself suggested slipperiness. I removed them to a safer situation, under the shade of somebody's sticking-plaster, and ran up the stairs three at a time. Round my hamper I found a large crowd, restrained by no sentiments of honour from exploring its recesses, but openly discussing the probabilities of its unowned contents being a dead body: they looked at me as I swooped down upon my property with ghastly triumph, as if I had been another Greenacre. Reader, gentle reader, have you ever carried a heavy hamper down two flights of stairs? If you have not, I despair of picturing for you so terrible an experience. It is like carrying a hedgehog, which (I believe) has no ears. There was no rope round it, so I had to embrace the loathly thing: one has read of something similar in a certain German ballad, but the object—in a sort of perverted sense "the beloved object"—was not, if I remember right, a hamper. In that case, too, its temporary proprietor was on horseback—a comparatively easy job: he could, at all events, see where he was going to. Moreover, if I remember right, there was nobody to remark upon his peculiar position—he suffered no loss of self-respect; whereas five people out of six who met me with my hamper burst out laughing, and the sixth evidently thought I had stolen it. I restored it to its fellows on the platform with a sigh of thankfulness, and wiped the perspiration from my brow. But never, while memory retains its seat, shall I forget that awful experience.

There is more rubbish talked and written about fiction than on any other subject, at all events in this world. The last dogma of the pessimist school is that a novelist who would succeed should clothe himself in vulgarity as with a garment, and instead of setting down the noble and elevated ideas which, by inference, he is supposed to possess, must write down to his public things either base or dull. Such a statement can only be born of the malignity inspired by failure. It bears, indeed, falsehood on the face of it, for how could even a writer of genius hope to compete with those to whom baseness and dullness are natural and not assumed for the sake of gain? That critics should hold such an opinion is bad enough, but that novelists should propagate it is still more deplorable. It does not seem to strike them that it is only the most obscene birds who foul their own nests.

Most persons have heard of the *anabas scandens*, or climbing perch, a fish in Ceylon which is given to ascending trees. The schoolboy who looks for eggs in that happy island comes home rejoicing with fresh fish. This habit (or habitat), though unusual, is injurious to nobody. The statement we have lately been favoured with, that the tiger is a tree-climbing animal, on the other hand, will be thought most serious by many persons, especially Anglo-Indians. It has long been understood by sportsmen that even the back of an elephant is not a position perfectly secure from a tiger's spring, but to be

"up a tree" when pursued by that animal has hitherto had a signification the very reverse of that the phrase possesses in England. One used to consider oneself safe there and out of harm's way. But if the tiger can climb—"he can swarm up," says the narrator of this terrible news—where are you then? It is admitted that the attribute is a novel one; perhaps it results from the system of development discovered by Darwin. The rabbits are already putting forth another toe in order to climb the wire fences that have been erected to restrain them in Australia, and perhaps the long-continued practice of sitting in trees indulged in by the prudent tiger-hunter has begotten this new accomplishment in the tiger.

Shakespeare predicts, in alluding to an era of enjoyment, that "ginger shall be hot i' the mouth," a remark that has not hitherto been properly appreciated by us moderns. Ginger, except in the case of gingerbeer or gingerbread nuts, is not generally indicative of festivity, but in Philadelphia, it seems, there is a revival of this form of dissipation. The "ginger habit," as the physicians term it—or, in other words, the taste for Jamaica ginger—is very prevalent in that city. "Women and girls consume it in large quantities," not as a lollipop, but "because it contains 95 per cent. of alcohol." No wonder that it is "hot i' the mouth"; at the same time, as in the famous case of the "three square miles of crows," one would respectfully suggest that in the interests of truth a little something must be taken off that "95 per cent." of alcohol. However, we may now confidently look forward to an Anti-Ginger League, with the usual statistics and instances of sudden death which have occurred from this deleterious practice. A female faddist has lately attributed the prevalence of influenza to the habit of tobacco-smoking, but it is at least equally probable that it may arise from that innocent-looking dish of Jamaica ginger which some folks (who eat everything) will eat at dessert.

American ingenuity has, however, been by no means confined of late to inventing diseases. A gentleman in New York has, we read, invented a cigar "with a lateral bend," so arranged that the burning end of the weed keeps at a respectful distance from the moustache. This will not, however, recommend itself to persons whose "lateral bend" is in the direction of economy, since it will necessitate a considerable portion of the cigar being thrown away. Smokers of the old school were more particular about these matters than our present "golden youth." A wealthy paterfamilias is even said to have disinherited his offspring for persisting in putting the large end of his cheroot into his mouth instead of the small end—a method (naturally) recommended by the manufacturers, but obviously wasteful. A further objection to the bent cigar is that another remedy has been invented for saving the moustache from combustion, which is tolerably well known as the cigar-holder, or mouthpiece.

If the present crusaders against gambling would condescend to inform themselves upon the matter, they might find some arguments in their favour a good deal stronger than denunciation and rhodomontade. One of the most curious circumstances of this passion is that a man of great wealth will often pit himself against one possessing only a few hundreds, so that it is absolutely impossible that he can acquire any appreciable gain, while, on the other hand, he may lose vast sums. Sir John Bland, it is recorded, lost two-and-thirty thousand pounds at hazard in a single night, and his opponent was one Captain Scott, "who had nothing but a few debts and his commission." There was an antigambling league of a sort even in those days, which, from its ignorance of the subject in hand, and its unreasonable expectations of supernatural assistance, is thus described by a chronicler of the times: "They put on their double-channelled pumps, and trudged to St. James's Street in expectation of seeing judgment executed on White's angels with flaming swords, and devils flying away with dice-boxes, like the prints in 'Sadler's Hermits.'" How Time sweeps all away! How few of us know anything about "Sadler's Hermits," or even what "double-channelled pumps" were!

"The more one sees of him," says one who had the courage to study his habits, "the more marvellous appears the boy." In some things he reminds one of that barbarous people "whom no treaty could bind, nor any kindness tame"; but in most respects he is a thing apart, and none but himself can be his parallel. His last act has been to remove the grease from the axle-boxes of a railway carriage and to substitute for it sand and gravel. Had not this plan been discovered, the effect would have been either to set the carriage on fire, or, by causing the axle to bend, to make it leave the metals. It is not certain, however, that this happy result was looked forward to in its entirety by the perpetrator: he may have only had good hopes that some sort of a catastrophe would happen. But who but one of this terrible race could have invented such a crime? There are, it is true, two kinds of boys—Tom Brown's boys, who adore cricket and (less passionately) Latin verse and who possess "the tone," and boys of the common or garden kind. This youth of thirteen who filled the axle-boxes with sand was probably of the latter sort. There will be a row about him for certain, for, without regard to those delicate susceptibilities that belong to his age and sex, an unfeeling magistrate has ordered him, for this playful act, to receive eight strokes with a birch rod. Poor, dear boy!

The discoveries of science are becoming more brilliant, not to say meteoric, every day. The last is that of the microbe that produces madness. It was found, as was natural, in the neighbourhood of a well-known lunatic asylum, and the greatest hopes, we are told, are entertained from this happy circumstance. One trusts the results will be more practical than in the case of the Koch discoveries, which, it is now generally agreed, were mere nests. If the mad microbe could be persuaded to wear a strait-waistcoat, all may yet

be well; but there is a not unnatural apprehension that the medical man who thinks he has discovered the creature, and not the microbe, is the subject of delusion.

It is seldom, indeed, even in murder cases, that one is not relieved by hearing of the remission of the capital penalty; but, on the other hand, there are sometimes instances—such as those of fiendish and persistent cruelty—when, though the death of the victim may not ensue, the execution of the criminal is demanded by all right thinking men. The English law, which takes no note of motives and has little moral sense, has hitherto declined the responsibility of ridding the world of its monsters: to train-wreckers, for example, unless passengers happen to lose their lives by the act, it only awards imprisonment. The State Legislature of California, however, has passed an edict whereby these enemies of humanity will receive their just dues, and "on conviction be punished with death." It is one of the few crimes for which there is neither excuse nor palliation, and which, above all others, since the result may involve scores of innocent lives, needs to be stamped out.

HOME NEWS.

The Queen, on her journey from Balmoral to Windsor, on June 19, made a brief stay in Edinburgh to enable the Lord Provost to present an address of welcome and congratulation. Her Majesty returned a written reply, expressing gratification at the assurance of loyalty and affection which had been tendered, and at the cordial welcome she had received at her ancient capital of Scotland.

The Queen came to London on June 22 to attend the wedding of Miss Ponsonby, daughter of General Sir Henry Ponsonby. The ceremony took place in the Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks, the bridegroom being Colonel Montgomery, of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards.

The Prince and Princess of Wales visited Eastbourne on June 20 to open the new Children's Hospital and an additional wing for young patients in the Princess Alice Memorial Hospital. The Bishop of Chichester and a body of clergy were among the large throng that gathered to welcome the royal party.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught laid the foundation-stone of the Church House on June 24. No fewer than thirty bishops were present at the ceremony.

An interesting correspondence between the Queen and the Pope has been published. The Pope congratulated her Majesty, in 1887, on the occasion of her jubilee, and the Queen responded with felicitations to the Pope (whom she addressed as "Most Eminent Sir") on the fiftieth anniversary of his ministry. To this the Pontiff rejoined with eloquent acknowledgments, and invoked for her Majesty "all those gifts which may cause the lasting glory of your name to grow greater day by day."

The Duke of Cambridge presided on June 19 at a dinner held at the Hôtel Métropole for the purpose of celebrating the annual festival of the Princess Mary's Village Homes and Prisons Gate Mission. About one hundred guests were present. In responding to the toast of the "Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces," his Royal Highness said that the position he held as Commander-in-Chief was not an easy one; still, he always received the support of the public, and when the time came for him to retire he hoped it would be said that he had done his duty.

Mr. Gladstone's relapse has excited some anxiety. The interesting speech which he delivered at St. James's Hall on the position and prospects of the Colonial Church overtaxed his strength, and he has been ordered by Sir Andrew Clarke to abstain from public work for the present. This injunction does not appear to have deterred Mr. Gladstone from accepting all manner of invitations. A rumour has been diligently circulated, on the alleged authority of Sir Andrew Clarke, that Mr. Gladstone is suffering from weak action of the heart, in consequence of his recent attack of influenza, but this is totally unfounded.

The whole debate on the second reading of the Education Bill was founded on a hostile amendment moved by Mr. Bartley, the Conservative member for North Islington. Mr. Pictou, on behalf of the Radical members, demanded the application of the principle of popular control to the voluntary schools, but moved no amendment. Several supporters of the Government expressed the fear that the ultimate effect of the Bill would be fatal to these schools—a view which was vigorously combated by Mr. Stanhope, who announced that the Government would not consent to popular control in any form.

In consequence of numerous inquiries which have been made on the subject, the Princess of Wales has decided that all Englishwomen who are anxious to join her Royal Highness's fund on behalf of Mrs. Grimwood should be invited to subscribe. Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Coutts and Co. Mrs. Quinton, widow of the late Chief Commissioner of Assam, has been awarded a special pension of £300 a year for life, and the mother of the late Mr. Quinton has been granted a pension of £100 for life, of which £50 will be continued to her two daughters if they should survive her.

The vacancy in the ranks of the Royal Academicians, created by the death of Mr. Edwin Long, has been filled by the election of Mr. Frank Dicksee. This distinction will be hailed with satisfaction by the numerous friends of an admirable artist.

The new Chief Rabbi of the United Hebrew Congregation of the British Empire, Dr. Hermann Adler, was installed on June 23 in the Cathedral Synagogue of London in the presence of a distinguished company of Christians, including the Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, and Sheriffs of London, who attended in state; the Greek Minister; the Earl and Countess of Meath; Mr. Lidderdale, the governor, and Mr. Frank May, the chief cashier, of the Bank of England; Mr. Mundella, Sir Albert Rollit, Dr. Welldon, of Harrow School, and Canon Jenkins. Lord Rothschild and the Grand Rabbi of France took the chief parts in the installation ceremonial.

Dr. Percival, the Head Master of Rugby School, presided at the speech-day, on June 20, and said he was endeavouring to develop the day-boy element, because he had great belief in that kind of education. He felt that the very ideal of good education was for a boy to be brought up a member of a great public school, with all its organisations and discipline and its unequalled public spirit. There was nothing in England to be compared with such a training.

The new trial of the action for breach of promise of marriage brought by Miss Wiedemann against Mr. Robert Walpole concluded on June 17, the jury returning a verdict for the plaintiff with £300 damages. On the application of counsel for the defendant, Mr. Baron Pollock granted a stay of execution with a view to an appeal on the point of law as to whether there was any corroborative evidence as to the promise to marry.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

There has been an expectation all the week of a small Ministerial crisis. "Not anything momentous, you know," remarked the Serjeant. "Not a rupture that may make the Cabinet totter. But when an Under-Secretary flouts his chief, and the chief retorts by telling the Under-Secretary he is talking nonsense, there is a natural supposition that the Under-Secretary will follow the rule of precedent by resigning his office." In these revolutionary times, however, precedent counts for nothing. The House knows Sir John Gorst pretty well, and it does not expect him to betray anything in the nature of extreme sensitiveness. I remember a time when a Minister was so delicately constructed that the slightest disagreement with his colleagues would throw him off his perch. He would ruffle his feathers like an injured cockatoo, and refuse to take his sugar. The last administrator of this type was Lord Randolph Churchill. One fine morning the world was startled to learn that he had thrown up his post as Chancellor of the Exchequer, for some reason which probably nobody remembers. He withdrew to the corner of an unofficial bench, from which he made speeches which greatly entertained the Opposition; but the Government suffered nothing from his defection. This experience has not been wasted on his contemporaries. Henceforward I shall expect to see Under-Secretaries who are not on speaking terms with their official superiors, and who have been vigorously snubbed by the departments which they nominally represent, blandly sitting on the Treasury bench as if nothing had happened. Why should they retire to obscure corners and offer vindications which nobody heeds? It is the greatest mistake in the world for a politician in these rapid times to imagine that he is indispensable. The moment he is out of the way someone else steps into his shoes, and the steam-roller of the Administration passes remorselessly over him, flattening him into the common macadam of Parliamentary life. It is much wiser to stay where he is, and put up with the trifling inconveniences of being quite out of accord with his leaders. They may wish him at Seringapatam, but if he has the coolness and readiness of Sir John Gorst he need not trouble himself about this eagerness for his deportation. The Indian Government, said Sir John the other night, objected to the Senaputty because he was able and independent. No doubt the Under-Secretary feels that he is the Senaputty of this Administration, but he can hold his own in the Durbar at Westminster, and display a refreshing indifference to the anxiety of his colleagues to get rid of him.

Meanwhile, Ministers are threatened with another revolt. For some time past the eldest hope of the house of Cecil has taken no pains to conceal his displeasure at the conduct of the Government of which his father is the head. Whether Lord Salisbury indulges himself in private with reflections beginning with—"O, sharper than a serpent's tooth," or whether he is secretly pleased by the behaviour of his offspring, I do not know. When Lord Robert Cecil adorned the House of Commons he was not specially studious of the sensibilities of his elders, and he may now be amused to note the same delightful trait in the disposition of his heir. It is certainly a growing habit with Viscount Cranborne to rise from the front bench below the gangway on the Government side, cast off the air of gracious indolence which usually distinguishes him, and admonish the Treasury Bench with a fatherly solicitude which causes some curious muscular twitchings in the face of Mr. Goschen. The second reading of the Education Bill was supported by the noble viscount with magnificent condescension, but he gave the Government a warning. He might find it necessary in Committee to adopt a different attitude. The voluntary schools were in danger, and if Ministers did not give some better guarantee of their determination to save these institutions from the ravening jaws of Mr. Picton, they would encounter the stern opposition of the Prime Minister's first-born. This was really a tremendous moment. Mr. Goschen's muscles twitched with great violence, and the Serjeant ejaculated irreverently: "Bless me! what a fierce young bantam it is!" But Mr. Bartley, the champion of denominational education for twenty years, who wrote a book some time or other, and who showed his independence by moving an amendment to the second reading of Sir William Hart-Dyke's Bill, was all over smiles. He felt that he had gained a distinguished disciple. Visions of visits to Hatfield, secret consultations with an illustrious personage, who would say, "I can never be too grateful to you, Bartley, for showing my boy the right path, though, alas! there are reasons why I cannot tread it," floated before his eyes. Things may go badly for the present with the true blue Tories, who are against all concessions to Mr. Chamberlain, but the time is coming when Mr. Bartley and Viscount Cranborne will rally a surprised and delighted party to the only standard under which a genuine Conservative can creditably march.

I am not sure, however, that these two redoubtable champions are not reckoning without Mr. Picton. The member for Leicester is like the muffled conspirator in the play who bides his time, except that Mr. Picton is by no means muffled, but openly yearns for the day when he and his friends will swallow the voluntary schools and Viscount Cranborne into the bargain. But this operation is indefinitely postponed, and Mr. Picton sits below the Opposition gangway with the air of a genial ogre whose dinner is not punctual. To him comes Lord George Hamilton, with a demonstration that Mr. Picton's dinner cannot be cooked, and that if it were it would be quite indigestible—in other words, that the popular control which is to extinguish the voluntary schools can never be carried into effect. Lord George is in the best possible humour with himself, for did he not pass all the Navy Votes in next to no time? And what other Minister this Session has been so fortunate? But Mr. Picton is unappeased, and grimly puts Lord George down on the *menu* of the feast which is to be eaten when the Radicals come by their own.

I must confess that these affairs have not half the interest for me which is inspired by a brilliant idea of Mr. Plunket's. The First Commissioner of Works is always struggling with the incorrigible indisposition of the House of Commons to adapt itself to the latest sanitary reforms. For instance, this historic chamber obstinately refuses to let itself be properly ventilated. But the indomitable Plunket has formed another Ventilation Committee. I don't think he has any faith in this. "You see," he observed to the Serjeant, "the only real remedy would be for the members to sit in stolid silence for three months. That is impossible, but, as I am First Commissioner, I am bound to peg away with Committees. I have suggested a gigantic pair of bellows up in the roof, and the appointment of Seymour Keay at an enormous salary to keep them going."

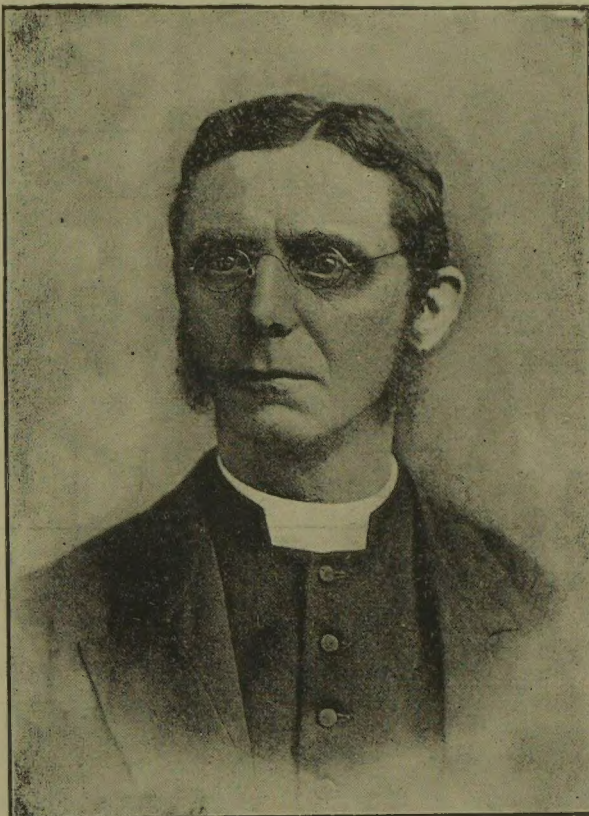
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HEROINE OF MANIPUR.

Rarely has official bounty given greater satisfaction to the public than the pension of £140 a year and a special grant of £1000 which have been awarded to Mrs. Grimwood. Stronger approval is accorded to the recognition of this heroic lady's services by the Order of the Red Cross personally conferred by the Queen. If the Government could have seen their way to bestow the Victoria Cross on Mrs. Grimwood the general approbation would have been complete. In the disastrous episode of Manipur Mrs. Grimwood's self-devotion redeems an unhappy story of blundering and butchery. At the imminent risk of her life she tended the wounded, displaying a fortitude and presence of mind of which any man might be proud. In the horrors of the retreat, when the fate of her husband was only too well assured, and when every moment was fraught with deadly peril, Mrs. Grimwood showed a courage which was a constant stimulus to her companions in misfortune. Her countrymen and countrywomen cannot restore all that was dearest to this bereaved young wife, but she will always be assured of their profound sympathy and admiration.

THE NEW BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

The Hon. and Rev. Augustus Legge, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Lewisham, and Honorary Canon of Rochester Cathedral, is appointed successor to Dr. Maclagan in the diocese of Lichfield. This clergyman, a brother of the Earl of Dartmouth, was born in 1839, was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree, with honours in law and history, in 1861, was ordained priest in 1865, and has held the



THE NEW BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

family living of Lewisham since 1879. He is also Rural Dean of Greenwich, honorary chaplain to the Bishop of Rochester, and a member of Convocation. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

THE ETON LOAN EXHIBITION.

The ninth jubilee, or 450th anniversary, of the foundation of Eton College by King Henry VI. and Bishop William of Waynflete, in 1441, is celebrated, among other proceedings, by an interesting exhibition of historical pictures and relics, arranged in the Upper School and in the adjacent Head Master's Room, with some in the Drill Hall, these being portraits of living persons. There is an old portrait of Waynflete, who was Bishop of Winchester, Chancellor of the realm, and founder also of Magdalen College, Oxford, to which this picture belongs; eminent Provosts and Head Masters of Eton show their grave faces in this collection; and distinguished statesmen, prelates, scholars, and noblemen of rank, mostly of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, who were educated at Eton, find place among the other portraits. The art of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, and other notable painters is represented by some good examples. Views of Eton at different periods, a large picture of the "Montem" festival procession, and many prints and drawings invite the inspection of visitors, who here find abundant memorials of the past.

GROTTO OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.

This celebrated place of religious interest was recently made the scene of a disgraceful brawl, not for the first time, between some of the Greek Church clergy and some Franciscan monks of the Roman Catholic communion. The grotto or cave, supposed to have included the stable in which Christ was born, is one of many similar caves in Palestine, and has been artificially extended, forming several different chambers. A magnificent basilica was built over it in A.D. 327 by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine. The nave and four side aisles are divided by ranges of Corinthian columns, and the walls were formerly adorned with mosaics, which have disappeared. The choir is separated by a wall, and is occupied by two buildings, the Greek and the Armenian chapels, from each of which, as well as from the Latin Church of St. Catherine, on the north side, there is access by winding stone stairs to the crypt beneath—namely, the actual grotto. This comprises, besides the gorgeously decorated Chapel of the Nativity, the Presepium or Holy Manger, the Chapel of St. Joseph, the Altar of the Innocents, the cell of St. Jerome, and the shrines or tombs of several other saints. In the Chapel of the Nativity is a marble pavement slab, with a silver star in the centre, surrounded by sixteen silver lamps, kept always burning, to mark the spot reputed to be the birthplace of Jesus. Certain spaces around it being allotted to the rival Christian communities, they are

too often disposed to quarrel for a few inches more or less of the floor; sometimes they push each other aside, and come to blows—a most unedifying sight—till the guard of Turkish soldiers interferes between the combatants. This unseemly strife has on more than one occasion nearly provoked a great European war! There is much reason to disbelieve altogether in the site of the Nativity, but the churches and convents find it profitable to maintain this superstitious reverence for the place.

RAILWAY DISASTER IN SWITZERLAND.

The terrible accident of Sunday, June 14, on the Jura-Simplon line of railway, by the fall of a bridge over the river Birs, near the village of Mönchenstein, with a local excursion train carrying holiday passengers from Bâle to a musical festival, was related last week. At least sixty people were killed, but it is thought likely that the loss of life may have been greater, as some of the bodies could not easily be found, having sunk in the sandy bottom of the river. The train consisted of sixteen cars drawn by two engines. To raise these, and to search beneath them, has been a task of many days, for which purpose it was necessary to erect a temporary wooden bridge, in addition to the one serving for passage across the river. The wreck of the iron bridge and of the railway engines was removed by the aid of dynamite. Our Illustration is from a sketch made on June 19 by Mr. G. Wassermann, of Bâle.

THE NEW STEAMSHIP SCOT.

The Union Steamship Company's line for the Royal Mail service between Southampton and South Africa has got an important accession by adding to its fleet this fine new ship, which is much larger than any yet engaged in traffic and passage to the Cape. The Scot, a twin-screw steamer, with two sets of triple-expansion engines, developing altogether 12,000-horse power, has been constructed by Messrs. William Denny and Sons, of Dumbarton. She is of 6850 tons estimated capacity, being 460 ft. in length at the water-line, 502 ft. length over all, 54 ft. 6 in. breadth, and 37 ft. 6 in. depth; the hull is built entirely of steel, with cellular bottom and fourteen bulkheads, ten of which are carried to the upper deck, so that she would not sink if two compartments were full of water: the whole structure, especially the stern part, is of immense strength. The contract speed, at a 23-ft. draught, is 18½ knots an hour, which has been considerably exceeded in trial trips. The Scot is of handsome appearance, schooner-rigged, with two pole masts and two large funnels, bearing the figure of Sir William Wallace on her clipper bow, and the royal arms, with the Scottish lion, on her stern. There is most comfortable accommodation for 208 first-class passengers, 100 second class, and 100 or more third class, the two latter berthed aft in the poop and on the main deck, the first class forward of the boilers. The grand saloon, on the upper deck, admitting 190 seats at the table, is panelled and furnished in sycamore and satinwood, and richly decorated; above this is an elegant music-room, lighted by a dome of stained glass, and there is a promenade deck 257 ft. long. The ladies' boudoir, upholstered in blue velvet, is a charming room; the cabins and state-rooms are commodious; the smoking-room, the bath-rooms, and lavatories all that can be desired. A refrigerating apparatus supplies ice, fresh meat, vegetables, and fruit during the voyage. The trip from the Clyde to Southampton, stopping at Plymouth on May 31, was enjoyed by a large number of invited guests, with the chairman and directors, Mr. Alfred Giles, M.P., and his colleagues, hospitably entertaining them on board. The date of July 24 is fixed for the Scot's first voyage to the Cape.

THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILE.

The seaport town of Iquique, on the Pacific Ocean coast, being, with its neighbour Pisagua, of much importance to both political parties contending for the customs revenue derived from the nitrate-producing district of Tarapaca, has been exposed to several fierce conflicts. It was captured in February by the forces of the Republican Congress, the Senate, and Chamber of Deputies, who are at war with the deposed President, Don J. M. Balmaceda, and who have had at their command the better part of the Chilean fleet. The town, garrisoned by some of the President's troops, was to have been relieved by Colonel Robles, with a thousand men, then manœuvring in the neighbourhood; but he was kept in check by the land force of the Congress, under Colonel Canto, who afterwards completely routed Balmaceda's force at Pozo Almonte. Iquique, meantime, yielded to a bombardment by the naval squadron, accompanied by the landing of men from the ships, in aid of the brave Merino, who had, with forty sailors, entered and barricaded himself in the Custom House. The Congress party has since retained possession of this town and port; but so lately as June 9 Iquique was visited and fired upon, without effect, by three of the President's war-vessels, which soon retired to evade another naval combat.

MOROCCO SLAVE-TRADERS.

The barbarous condition of that large Mussulman State of North-West Africa which is under the dominion of Sultan Muley Ismael has been repeatedly described. Narratives of travels in Morocco, extending to a considerable length, appeared in this Journal, with many Illustrations by a Special Artist, three years ago; and other incidents highly characteristic of the Sultan's rule, and of the disordered state of the interior provinces, with the turbulence of feudal chiefs and local tribes, have occasionally been related. The negro slave-trade, carried on by strong armed caravans across the Sahara Desert to the banks of the Upper Niger at Timbuctoo, or, with the aid of the Touariks, nomadic savages, through Asben and Ghades, to the populous countries of Bornou and Sokoto, is attended with cruelties not less atrocious than those which take place in the Soudan and Eastern Africa. It is from Morocco and Tanis and by wealthy Mohammedans largely concerned in this iniquitous business that the means of equipping such expeditions and sending them to vast distances are mainly supplied.

Beyond the comparatively limited reach of the French colonial dominion in Senegal, and of the British Royal Niger Company, the interior of West Africa is exposed to lawless violence and rapacity against which no protection can be afforded by any European Power; and the natives, except the warlike Houssas, are incapable of self-defence. Mr. H. H. Johnston, in an interesting tale, not wholly fictitious, but founded on actual instances within his knowledge, has narrated some of the ordinary experiences of a captive from near the Tehadda or Benue River, a tributary of the Lower Niger, removed from town to town in Sokoto, and thence northward over the desert to the borders of Tunis. The Morocco inland slave-trade is of the same character; and the last stage of its route, witnessed by our Artist in a country so near to the shores of Europe, is but one feature of the system, which is more easily deplored than remedied in the present state of affairs.



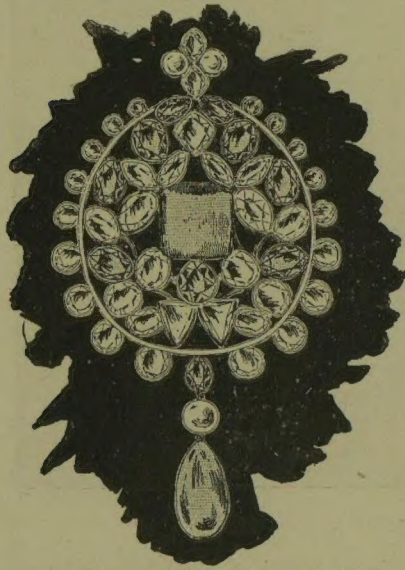
THE ETON LOAN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AND RELICS.



THE GROTTA OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.

MISS ALBERTA VICTORIA PONSONBY'S WEDDING.

The marriage of the daughter of Sir Henry Ponsonby is the most brilliant of the weddings which have adorned this present season. A god-daughter of the Queen is not married every day; and the presence of her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the royal family gave the ceremony a distinction which might well fill less fortunate brides with envy. To the Queen this marriage was naturally an event of immediate domestic interest. The father of the bride has long been one of her Majesty's most intimate and trusted advisers, and Miss Ponsonby's mother is bound to the Queen by even closer ties of friendship. Lady Ponsonby was on familiar terms with George Eliot, and her literary tastes are of no small importance to one whose duty it is to read aloud to the Queen. The bride shares the accomplishments of her mother, and it would be strange if a girl brought up in such society were not distinguished by unusual aptitudes. The lucky man to whom this prize has fallen is Colonel Montgomery, of the Scots Guards, eldest son of Mr. Hugh Montgomery of Grey Abbey, county Down. Colonel Montgomery served with distinction in the Zulu War of 1879, but military renown fades before the achievement



PRESENT FROM THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

of marrying a goddaughter of the Queen, and in the presence of such an array of royalty as seldom graces the domestic festivities of subjects. Since the death of the Prince Consort, indeed, the Queen had never before been seen at any but royal weddings, and certainly the Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks had never witnessed such a brilliant company. Besides her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, there were present



THE QUEEN'S PRESENT.

the Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, the Marchioness of Lorne, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Princess Alix of Hesse, while beyond the circle of royalty were the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the Duchess of Abercorn, the Countess of Macclesfield, the Countess of Airlie, the Marchioness of Stafford, Earl and Countess Cowper, and many other members of the nobility. Her Majesty, who had travelled specially from Windsor, and who was most loyally greeted by crowds of spectators outside the chapel, occupied a seat in the chancel, and subsequently signed the register, which was further enriched by other royal autographs. The bride, who was given away by her father and married by her uncle, the Rev. F. Ponsonby, assisted by the Dean of Hereford, uncle of the bridegroom, wore a costume of rich duchesse satin, trimmed with antique Flemish point lace and pearl embroidery, with tulle veil fastened to the hair by two diamond stars and surmounted by a wreath of orange-blossoms. The six bridesmaids were Miss M. Ponsonby, sister of the bride, Miss Evelyn Montgomery, sister of the bridegroom, Lady Katherine Thynne, Miss Magdalen Herbert, the Hon. Susan Baring, and Miss Margot Tennant. Of the wedding-gifts, which were almost endless, we give illustrations of those presented by the Queen, Colonel Montgomery, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Empress Frederick.

There was a very large attendance at the Royal Agricultural Show at Doncaster on June 23. The Prince of Wales won two first prizes and one second in the classes for South-down sheep. The Chief Secretary for Ireland gained the three first prizes for Border Leicesters. At the annual meeting, Lord Feversham was elected president for the ensuing year.

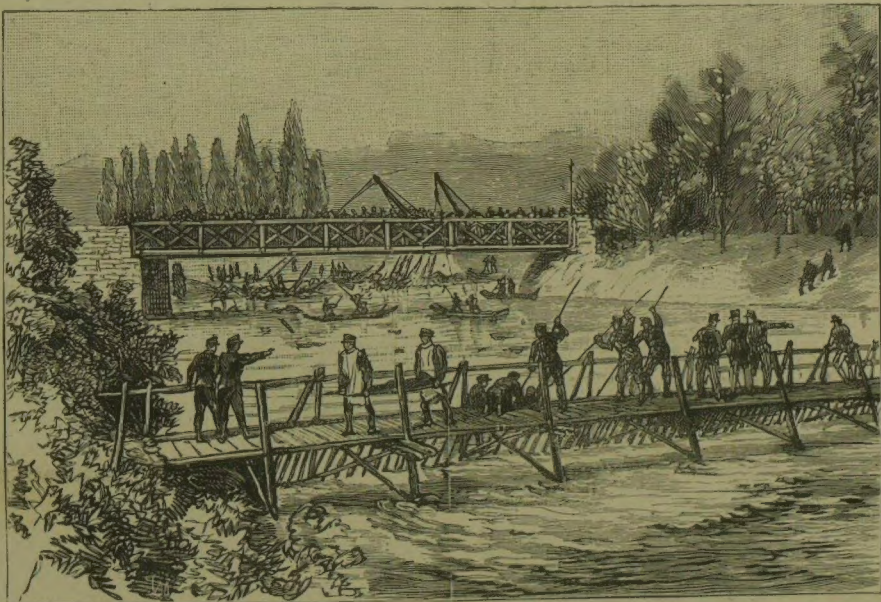


MISS ALBERTA VICTORIA PONSONBY, THE BRIDE.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The session of the Prussian Parliament was brought to a close on June 20 in a more ceremonious manner than usual, both Chambers having been summoned to the Schloss, where the Emperor made a speech, in which he expressed the hope that his people would continue to enjoy the blessings of peace, which, his Majesty said, he had no reason to fear would be imperilled, and which he would use all his efforts to maintain. This statement has been hailed all over Europe with a satisfaction which shows how anxious all nations are that the peace of Europe shall not be disturbed. There is no reason to fear that any European Power contemplates a departure from its present pacific attitude; but the eagerness with which people scrutinise every statement made by Sovereigns and Prime Ministers points to some latent apprehension, more instinctive than founded on fact, which nevertheless exists, and must be taken into account by political observers. No doubt declarations similar to that made by the German Emperor are—and should be—most welcome; but at the same time it may be asked how far they are to be depended upon, and what real value may be set on them? In his Glasgow speech on May 20 last, Lord Salisbury, alluding to a North African State which may one day be a great trouble to Europe, was careful to add, "There is no danger threatening now, or I should not mention it." That is precisely the formula adopted by all rulers and ministers when making speeches destined to be widely read and commented upon: they never mention dangerous topics, so that it may be taken for granted that if at any time the peace of Europe is threatened, it is not in the utterances of rulers and diplomatists that we must look for a warning.

Important changes are shortly to be made in the diplomatic representation of Germany in Russia and France. General Schweinitz, the present German Ambassador in St. Petersburg, will be succeeded by General Count Waldersee, the former Chief of the General Staff; and General Count von Wedel, one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, is to go to Paris, in the room of Count Münster, who, having reached the age at which German diplomatists are permitted to retire, has decided to resign his present functions. It is somewhat curious that the

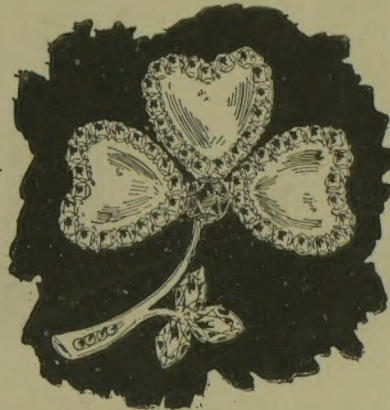


THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT MÖNCHENSTEIN, NEAR BÂLE, SWITZERLAND.
View showing destroyed railway bridge, passenger bridge, and that erected for dragging the river.

German Emperor should have chosen an officer to represent him in Paris; but it must be remembered that Count von Wedel has had some diplomatic experience in Vienna, where he was attached to the German Embassy in that capital. As to the retirement of Count Münster, which is officially attributed to his desire for rest, after a long and laborious diplomatic career, it is supposed, not without some show of reason, that it is due in some measure to the dissatisfaction felt in Germany at the unfortunate result of the Empress Frederick's journey to Paris, which was undertaken on the assurances given by Count Münster.

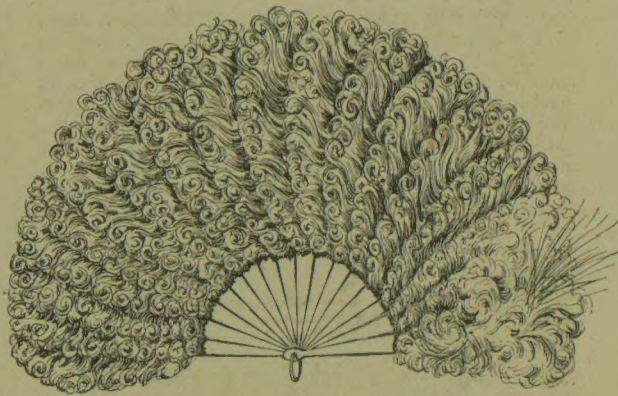
The journey of the German Emperor and Empress will commence on June 29, when they go to Hamburg, in order to inspect the harbour and docks. From Hamburg their Majesties will cross to Heligoland, after which they are to proceed to Wilhelmshaven to witness the launch of a new ironclad. On June 30 the Emperor and Empress leave Wilhelmshaven, on board the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, en route to Amsterdam, where they are to land on July 1. During their visit to the Dutch Court the Emperor and Empress will be entertained by the Queen-Regent and Queen Wilhelmina and by the Burgomaster of Amsterdam. After paying a flying visit to The Hague and Rotterdam, they will start for England, where they will arrive on July 4.

The British Mediterranean Squadron, after visiting the ports of Trieste and Pola, steamed, on Saturday morning, June 20, into the harbour



PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES'S PRESENT.

of Fiume, where a great crowd had collected to witness its arrival. A number of Austrian ships being at Fiume, both fleets exchanged salutes, and on Sunday Admiral Sterneck visited Admiral Sir A. Hoskins on board the Victoria. The Emperor Francis Joseph arrived at Fiume on the Tuesday, and was received by the corporation with great solemnity. The reception was followed by a State banquet, at which the officers of the British fleet were present, and by a gala performance. On Wednesday,



COLONEL MONTGOMERY'S PRESENT.

his Majesty, after visiting the Whitehead torpedo factory, went on board the British Admiral's flag-ship, the Victoria, and was entertained at luncheon by Sir Anthony Hoskins. The Emperor then inspected the Thunderer and several of the British ironclads, and expressed himself highly pleased with the reception given him by the British Squadron. The Emperor, who was accompanied by the Archduke Albrecht, left Fiume on Wednesday for Lissa.

A great step towards the settlement of the Behring Sea question was made on June 15, when a *modus vivendi* between Great Britain and the United States was agreed upon, and an agreement signed to that effect by Sir Julian Pauncefoot and Secretary of State William F. Wharton. The agreement provides for the prohibition by her Majesty's Government and by the United States Government of seal-killing in the Behring Sea until May 1892. During that time Commissioners will be dispatched to the Behring Sea to inquire into the conditions of seal life in that sea and other parts of the North Pacific, with a view to the presentation of the case of the British Government before arbitrators to whom the respective claims of the two Governments are to be submitted. The British Commissioners are Sir George Baden-Powell, K.C.M.G., M.P., and Professor George M. Dawson, Assistant Director and Geologist of the Canadian Geological and Natural History Survey. Mr. Ashley Froude has been appointed secretary to the Commissioners.

French opinion being extremely sensitive on all questions relating to the Army, the extremely severe sentences passed on the four accused persons connected with the mélinite scandal have received general approval. M. Turpin, M. Tripóné (Messrs. Armstrong's agent), and M. Fasseler have been condemned to five years' imprisonment and five years' interdiction of civic rights, and M. Feuvrier to two years' imprisonment and two years' interdiction of civic rights. They have appealed.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

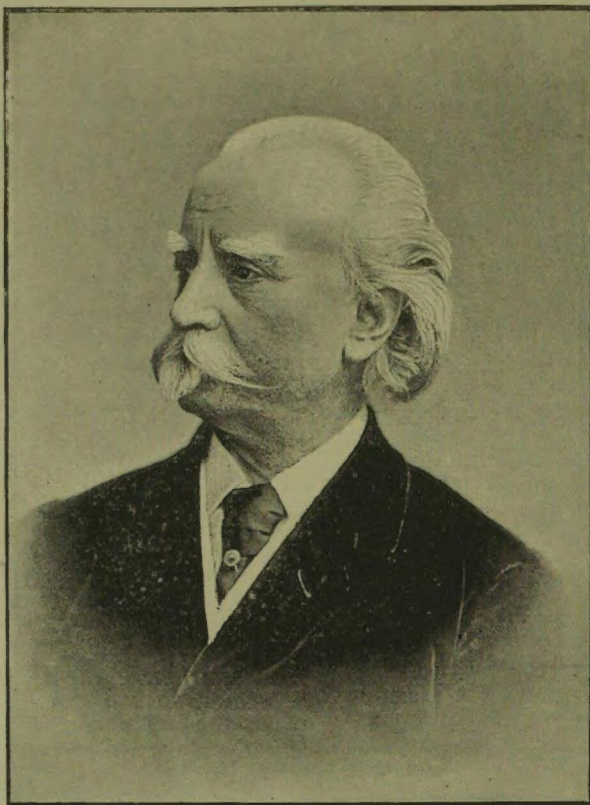
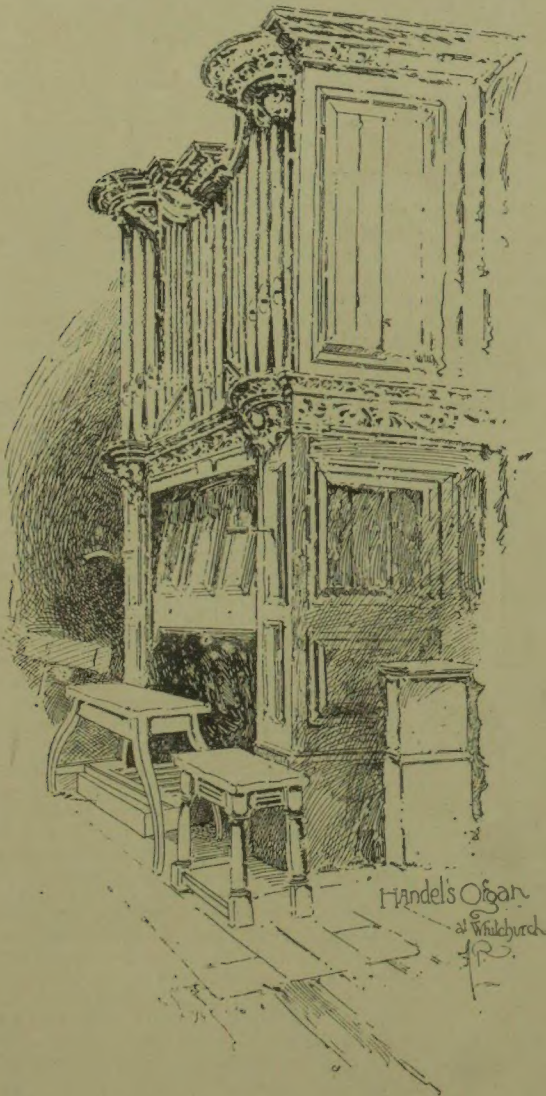
If there be one composer more than another whose name and memory Englishmen take a pride in honouring it is George Frederick Handel. We never miss an opportunity of showing how profoundly we admire the genius and appreciate the works of this great master. But, do what we may, we cannot contrive to offer a nobler tribute than the festival which is



MADAME NORDICA.

celebrated once every three years in the Centre Transept of the Crystal Palace. It is there, amid imposing surroundings, and under conditions absolutely unique, that the beauty and power of Handel's music stand revealed in sublimest grandeur. And, after all, the greatest act of homage that can be paid to a dead composer is to perform his works in such a manner as to make most manifest their lofty spirit and their mighty strength.

Those lovers of Handel who may desire to gaze upon some outward and substantial symbol of his existence other, let me say, than the score of one of his oratorios have not far to seek. To begin with, let them pay a visit to the pleasant village of Edgware (nine miles from London), where the so-called "Grand Duke" of Chandos, early in the last century, built himself the princely mansion known as Cannons. But, alas! of the gorgeous ducal residence itself not a vestige remains. Naught is left but the chapel, which was built apart from it, and known by the name of Whitechurch. It is the parish church of Edgware, and it contains the most interesting of all the relics that Handel has left behind—his organ. This stands behind the altar, a beautiful old instrument of modern size, and, thanks to frequent renovation and repair, still capable of giving forth sweet and mellow sounds. Upon it is a brass plate, affixed in 1750 by one Julius Plumer,



MR. AUGUST MANNS.

bearing the following inscription: "Handel was organist of this church from 1718 to 1721, and composed the oratorio of 'Esther' on this organ." In the crypt used to stand a marble statue of the Duke of Chandos, but, as it was in a dilapidated state fifty years ago, I am not sure whether it is still in existence. The Duke, indeed, is almost forgotten, while the memory of his organist remains green and glorious still.

Handel's tomb, or, rather, the monument over his tomb, is one of the most precious of that marvellous cluster of records of great men to be found in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. It is by Roubiliac, and represents the master standing before an organ, resting his arm upon a table covered with musical instruments and a manuscript of the "Messiah," open at the page, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Beneath is this inscription: "George Frederick Handel, Esq., Born February XXIII, MDCLXXXIV. Died on Good Friday, April XIII, MDCCCLIX." The date of birth is not correct, however, being given in "Old Style": it should of course, be 1685. A large stone slab above the monument records the series of performances given in the Abbey and in the Pantheon in May and June 1784 to commemorate the centenary of the



composer's birth, and this celebration, which, as a matter of fact, took place a year before the proper time, may actually be regarded as the first of the great festivals which have culminated in the series now triennially held at the Crystal Palace.

The tenth festival of the series just referred to—being the thirteenth Handel Festival that has taken place at Sydenham—began on Monday, June 22. It was preceded, as usual, on the Friday before, by the public rehearsal, which, although the attendance was not quite up to the average, passed off in such satisfactory fashion as to render an artistic success practically certain. Each gathering furnishes fresh experience, and brings one degree nearer to perfection the marvellous machinery whereby the executive material of these festivals is collected and trained. Each year has the quality of the chorus and orchestra improved, and since Mr. August Manns succeeded the late Sir Michael Costa, in 1883, the advance has

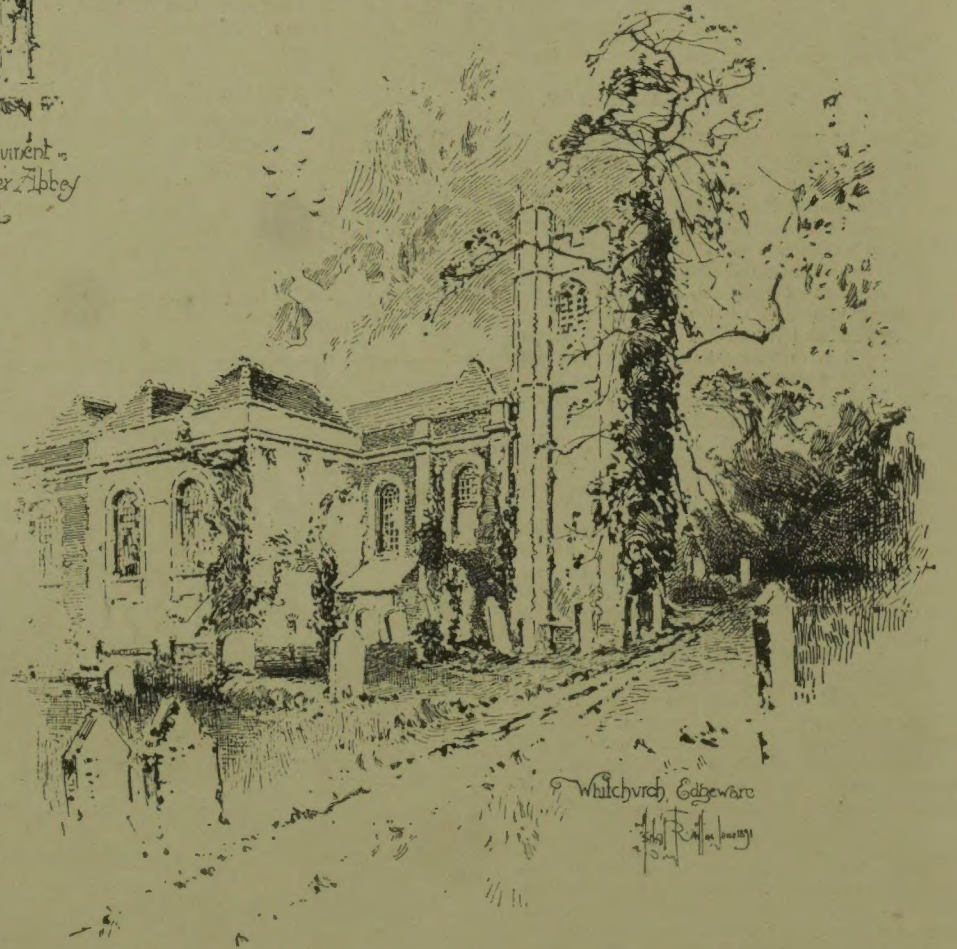
been simply extraordinary. It is no mere form of speech to declare that the present choir is by far the finest that has ever been heard on the Handel orchestra. The evidence of that fact was clear enough to connoisseurs on the opening day of the festival, when, in accordance with custom, the "Messiah" was performed.



MISS MACINTYRE.

Folks who like to be hypercritical can generally find some loophole that their shafts will penetrate, but in this instance the search must have been exceptionally difficult, if not altogether futile. Not one section of the whole body of 3000 singers betrayed the slightest sign of weakness or wavering throughout the entire performance of Handel's masterpiece. Nay, more, it was a rendering marked by the utmost delicacy and intelligence, in which nuances of light and shade were strictly observed, in which there was at least one genuine *pianissimo*, and in which the meaning of the composer was expressed by an army of choristers with perfect unity of idea. The orchestra, a magnificent body of 500 instrumentalists, led by Mr. Carl Jung, represents, like the chorus, the outcome of a long and careful process of selection. Playing more refined and accurate it would be impossible to desire. The solos in the "Messiah" were sung by Madame Albani, Miss Marian McKenzie, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, whose efforts in turn called forth hearty applause. Mr. A. J. Eyre presided at the organ with marked ability, and Mr. August Manns conducted with a zeal and energy that inspired his forces to do their utmost.

To the proceedings of the Selection and "Israel" days we shall return next week. For the moment, it is only possible to allude to the fact that two of our best sopranos, Madame Nordica and Miss Macintyre (whose Portraits appear on this page), were engaged to sing at each concert, having already, indeed, achieved a portion of their triumphs in advance on the rehearsal day.



HANDEL'S CHURCH, NEAR EDGWARE.

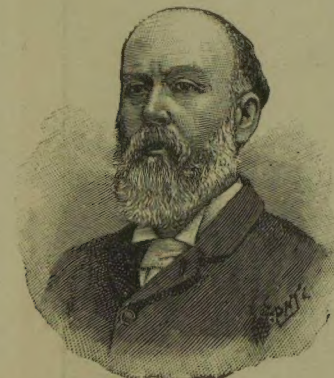
PERSONAL.

The late Earl of Clonmell was almost the last of the Irishmen from whom Lever drew his sketches of rollicking blades. One of the best stories of his later life concerns his interview with Mr. Gladstone. The Liberal leader was then framing his Irish Land Bill of 1881, and he wished to consult a representative of the Irish landlords. He was told that Lord Cloncurry was the best man, but by mistake he sent for Lord Clonmell. "Early," as his friends called him, had never received such an honour before, and he sat in state at the Carlton Club, where he explained at great length what he intended to "tell Gladstone." The interview was very brief. "Perhaps you will tell me, Lord Cloncurry," said the Prime Minister, with much suavity, "what you think of the state of Ireland?" "What do I think of it?" exclaimed Lord Clonmell, with great energy. "Why, I think it's infernally bad!"

Mr. Arnold White, who is travelling in Russia as the representative of Baron Hirsch, in connection with a project for establishing a Jewish colony in the other hemisphere, writes to a friend: "It is satisfactory to be able to say that I am succeeding thoroughly in the object of my quest, and, so far, have received the cordial assistance not only of the Government at St. Petersburg, but also of the Governors of provinces. I have a Jewish gentleman with me as interpreter, and through him I get at the Israelite side of the shield. I do not think the British public have been very well served over the persecutions."

Sir John Gorst is the man of the week. After making two speeches which were eminently disagreeable to his colleagues,

he has been publicly told by his official chief that his opinions are not "common-sense," and has been invited by the chief Conservative journal to resign. Sir John's views on several questions have been disquieting to the Government for some time past, notably the line he has taken with regard to industrial problems. There is now a manifest desire to dispense with his services, but he is not a man to be easily shaken off. Lord Randolph Churchill resigned when he could not have his own way, and has never retrieved his position. Sir John Gorst will



SIR JOHN GORST, M.P.

not make that mistake if he can help it. He is a man of cool nerve and considerable resource, and the "wiggling" he has received from Lord Cross will not disturb the equanimity of a politician who believes an Under-Secretary in the Commons to be much more important than a Secretary of State in the Lords. Moreover, it is understood that Lord Cross and Sir John have agreed to let bygones be bygones.

There will be a general feeling of satisfaction at the selection of Sir George Baden-Powell, M.P., and Mr. George Mercer Dawson, to represent Britain on the Anglo-American Commission to inquire into the condition of seal life in Behring Sea and other parts of the North Pacific. For some years the hon. member for the Kirkdale Division of Liverpool has made the troublesome North American fishery disputes a matter of close study, and no public man has done more by speeches and writings to acquaint the public with their many intricacies. In younger days, too, the British Commissioner had official experience in Victoria, in the West Indies, and in South Africa, so that he is well accustomed to Colonial ways and affairs. Mr. Dawson is one of the most gifted of North American scientists—a fact which the Royal Society has just recognised by making him a fellow. His father, Sir William Dawson, the veteran Principal of McGill University, Montreal, is honoured for his geological and other writings wherever the English language is spoken; and the son has—by his labours in the Geological Survey of Canada, of which he has for eight years been assistant director—done more than any other living man to make known the many wonders of undeveloped Western Canada. He has visited Alaska and rendered valuable help in the earlier stages of the Behring Sea negotiations.

Among the victims of the influenza was M. Eleonor Chevassus, one of the oldest French residents in London. M. Chevassus

was proscribed by the Second Empire, and imprisoned in Belle Isle. Nearly forty years ago he settled in England and did much for the reorganisation of the French Republicans by the establishment of the "Union Républicaine." He was the principal founder and vice-president of the Société Nationale Française and vice-president of the French Chamber of Commerce in London, in which body he was a vigorous representative of the reaction against Protection in France.

M. Chevassus was an enthusiastic Freemason, and established a lodge at Birmingham in connection with his old lodge at Lyons. His remains were interred in Père-Lachaise on June 13, and a funeral address was delivered by M. Morellet, of the French Senate, who was himself an active spirit in the short-lived Republic of 1848.

An interesting ceremony took place on Sunday, June 21, at Westminster. From time immemorial the Roman Catholics have had a procession on June 21, composed of children of both sexes, in honour of St. Aloysius, the patron of Catholic youth. As this year they are keeping the tercentenary of the saint, the fête was on a more magnificent scale than usual. The procession consisted of a number of clergy, the Temperance Association, the members of the Young Men's Catholic Club, various boys' societies, and a great number of girls, from toddling infants to maidens in their teens. Each division had its own band, and each society was distinguished by a uniform and headed by its own banner and statue. The procession stopped at the residence of Cardinal Manning, who came and spoke a few words. The ceremony concluded by a service in the Church of St. Mary, Horseferry Road, where, according to time-honoured custom, a boy preacher, selected beforehand by merit, ascended a miniature pulpit and preached to his child hearers on the importance of unworldliness and the dangers and pitfalls that await the unwary youth on his way

through life. The youthful orator was very earnest, but, to a Protestant, at least, the effect was more ridiculous than sublime.

The new Dean of Worcester is the Rev. Prebendary Forrest, D.D., Vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington, and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral. The new Dean is an Irishman, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his M.A. degree. His "Alma Mater," a few years ago, conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.D. The Rev. Dr. Forrest became curate of Holy Trinity, Dublin, in 1855, where he remained till 1857. In 1862 he was appointed perpetual curate of St. Andrew's, Liverpool, and his first post in the Metropolis was as chaplain of the Lock Hospital, where his eloquent sermons attracted much notice.



THE REV. R. W. FORREST, D.D.

In 1870 he was promoted to St. Jude's, South Kensington. Dr. Forrest was appointed Select Preacher at Cambridge in 1889, and in the same year received the distinction of honorary chaplain to the Queen.

With the great publisher Calmann Lévy disappears one of the most powerful and noteworthy of Parisian personalities. Though hardly taking the same high place in public estimation, he and his forbears have been to France what the house of Murray has been to the English literary world, for the varying monographs of the Lévy's will be found on the works of Lamartine, Guizot, Victor Hugo, Sainte Beuve, Balzac, George Sand, Flaubert, Mérimée, Dumas père, and more recently on those of Emile Augier, Alexandre Dumas fils, Paul Déroulède, Alphonse Karr, and the Duc de Broglie, whose "Mémoires de Talleyrand" was the last *livre à sensation* brought out by the late Calmann Lévy, not to mention scores of others, past and present. The great publishing house having its well-known headquarters in the Rue Auber was founded by Michel and Calmann Lévy as long ago as 1836, in a humble little entresol in the Rue Montmartre, from whence the brothers moved to the Boulevard des Italiens, where their "Librairie Nouvelle" quickly became a kind of neutral meeting-place for writers of all sorts and conditions, for the Lévy's always made a point of cultivating their authors' society, and many, notably George Sand, paid, at one time or other, kindly tributes to their *éditeurs*. It is estimated that two million volumes are annually sent out from No. 3, Rue Auber, including, of course, the theatrical literature of which the Lévy's have always made a specialty. Calmann Lévy left his immense fortune to his three sons, Paul, Georges, and Gaston Lévy, who are all in their father's publishing house.

George Parr, one of the greatest of English cricketers, died on June 23 at Radcliffe-on-Trent, in his sixty-sixth year. Twenty years have elapsed since Parr dropped out of the ranks of important cricket, his best season being in 1857, and one of his most notable feats was the 130 runs for Notts v. Surrey in 1859. Parr was associated all his life with Nottinghamshire, which he captained for several seasons.

Everyone who knows anything of South African affairs knows how large a part in their development has been played

by Mr. Alfred Giles, who has for ten years represented Southampton in the House of Commons, and whose name is now before the public in connection with the improved South African mail service. During a long business career, extending over more than half a century, he has been associated with the construction of many railway and dock works at home and abroad, but it is more particularly because of his labours as consulting engineer of the Southampton Dock Company, and as Chairman of the Union Steamship Company, that he occupies a place in the public mind to-day. In the House of Commons Mr. Giles is seldom heard, but he is nevertheless one of those authorities on commercial affairs whose intervention in debate or in the private business of the Assembly is always welcome.

Mr. Frank Evans, M.P., the Deputy Chairman of the Union Steamship Company, and Mr. Giles's colleague in the representation of Southampton, has been much in evidence of late in connection with the Newfoundland difficulty—now happily nearing a solution. There are those who would have us look forward to the day when the representation of the Colonies in the councils of the Empire will be placed upon a permanent footing. When Australasia and South Africa can speak in London, each with one voice, through their respective High Commissioners, as Canada now does, that day will be brought sensibly nearer; but in the meantime each colony must look after its own affairs, and this Newfoundland has of late seen the wisdom of doing, by the appointment of Mr. Evans as its Commissioner in the mother country. Representing Southampton in the House of Commons—a seat pluckily won for him in his absence by his wife three



MR. F. H. EVANS, M.P.

years ago—Mr. Evans has opportunities of reaching the ear of Parliament which other colonial representatives do not possess. He has, too, the advantage of a wide association with commercial affairs. No less than nine companies own him as a director, and his interests are considerable in Mexico and Chile as well as in this country. It was as receiver of the somewhat unfortunate Newfoundland Railway—now a

Government concern—that he became associated with our "most ancient and loyal colony."

Mr. Edmund Yates, who never loses an opportunity of writing graceful things about Thackeray—a striking proof, by the way, that personal animosities among literary men are not eternal—finds fault, in the course of a charming article about the author of "Vanity Fair" in the *World*, with the large portrait of Thackeray which we published last week. "It has not one single point of Thackeray in it except the spectacles," says Mr. Yates. Against this opinion we can set another, which is more authoritative. "I think it *very good*, and am very glad to have it," writes Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie. This is a judgment to which even Mr. Yates will allow no inconsiderable weight.

In the obituary notices of the late Sir Prescott Hewett little or no reference has been made to his distinction as an artist. Many years ago he was elected an honorary member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, in recognition of his merits in that branch, and at one time, when in full professional work, he was a regular contributor to its exhibitions. After he had adopted surgery as his profession, and made his mark, Sir Edwin Landseer once said of him that "had Prescott Hewett not been the first surgeon he would have been the first painter in England." His interest in art continued to the last, and Mr. Carl Haag's important picture in the present exhibition owes some of its excellence to the advice offered by Sir Prescott Hewett, who saw the work before it left the artist's easel.

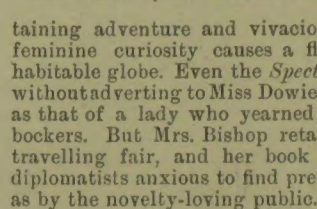
Madame Bodichon has recently died at Algiers, aged sixty-three. To many she is known only as a charming landscape painter, but she was also one of the devoted band of pioneers in reforming the laws and improving the education of women. She was Barbara Leigh Smith, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Smith, many years M.P. for Norwich, who made her his constant companion, and taught her to interest herself in social reform. She it was who originated and organised the first petition for a Married Woman's Property Act, which was presented to the House of Lords by Lord Brougham in 1857. It was signed by three thousand women, headed

by Anna Jameson, Mary Howitt, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Harriet Martineau. In this manner Madame Bodichon initiated the legal reform about the married woman's property that was carried to a successful end a quarter of a century later. It was about that date that George Eliot wrote of her: "Barbara Smith came, and we enjoyed her society very much; her activity for great objects is admirable, and contact with her is an inspiration to work while it is day." Later (having married Dr. Bodichon when she was thirty), Madame Bodichon was the chief inspiring force in the foundation of the first University course for women at Girton College, heading the subscription-list for its foundation with £1000, and giving great personal efforts besides. Her health somewhat failed, and she and her husband went to live in Algiers: there she gave much time and effort to securing the planting of quantities of eucalyptus-trees to counteract the malaria which was the curse of that lovely region. It is an interesting fact that she alone discovered the identity of George Eliot from internal evidence in "Adam Bede." "Hers was the first heart that recognised me in a book which came from my heart of hearts," as the great author put it; and Barbara Bodichon was one of the five people to whom George Eliot told her intention to marry her young husband, feeling sure that "she would spontaneously understand the marriage." So public and private relations alike show the beautifully mingled sweetness and strength of the character of the noble woman who has now ended her labours and passed to rest.

Mrs. Bishop, better known in the literature of travel as Miss Isabella Bird, gave an address the other day on the condition of the

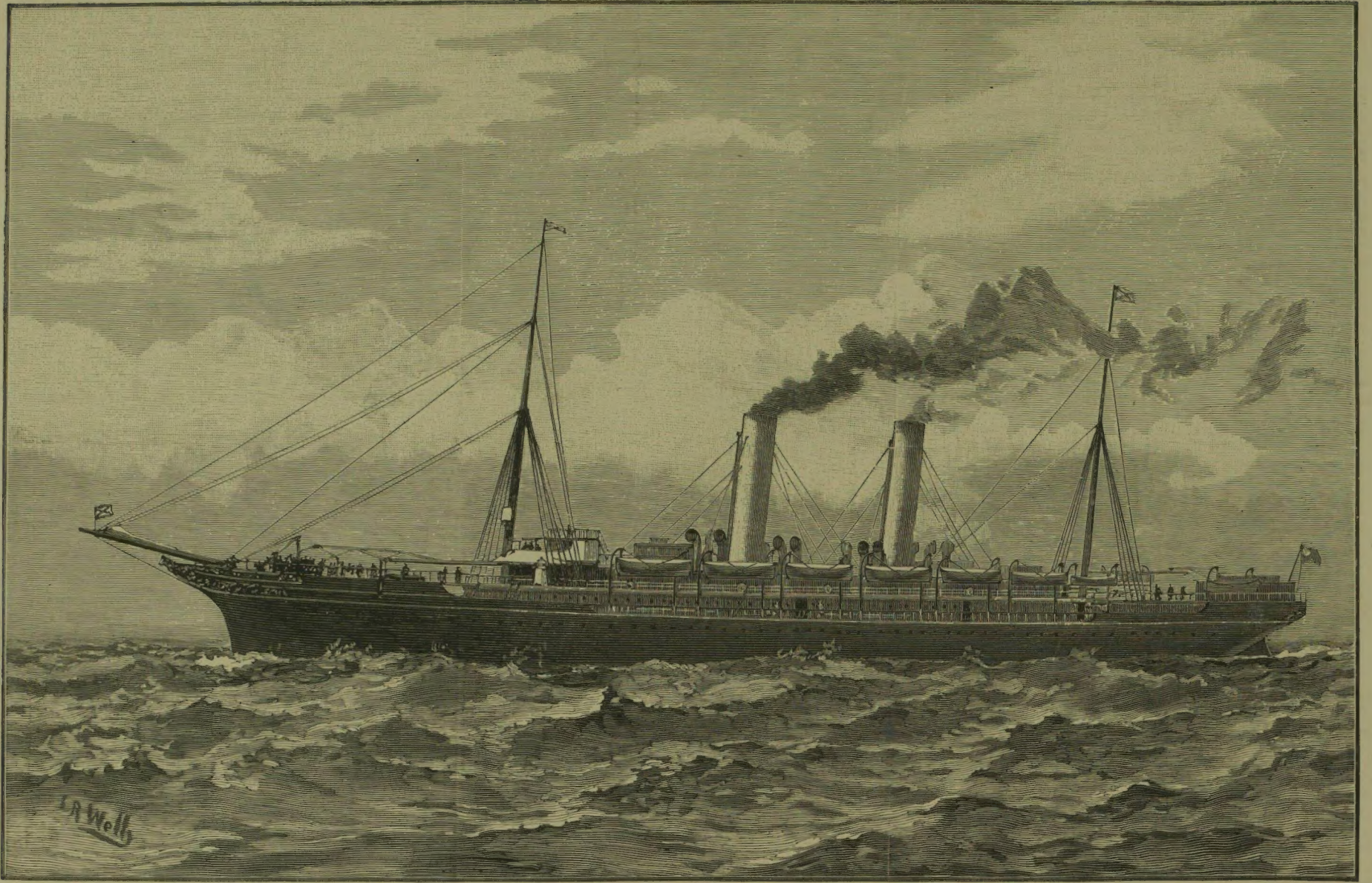
Armenians to a distinguished company in one of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons. The importance of Mrs. Bishop's testimony was recognised by Sir James Fergusson, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and by Lord Lothian, another member of the Government, who also addressed the meeting. Probably Mrs. Bishop will deliver her message to a wider audience by publishing a book about Armenia. Her experiences in the Sandwich Islands and Japan are familiar to every reader of entertaining adventure and vivacious narrative. In these days feminine curiosity causes a flutter of petticoats round the habitable globe. Even the *Spectator* cannot write about women without adverting to Miss Dowie's expedition to the Karpathians as that of a lady who yearned for the freedom of knickerbockers. But Mrs. Bishop retains her supremacy among the travelling fair, and her book on Armenia will be read by diplomatists anxious to find pretexts for doing nothing as well as by the novelty-loving public.

MRS. BISHOP (MISS ISABELLA BIRD).



We inadvertently neglected to mention in our last issue that the Portrait of Archbishop Tait which accompanied Archdeacon Farrar's review was from a drawing by Mr. George Richmond, reproduced from a photogravure given in the second volume of Dr. Davidson's Life.

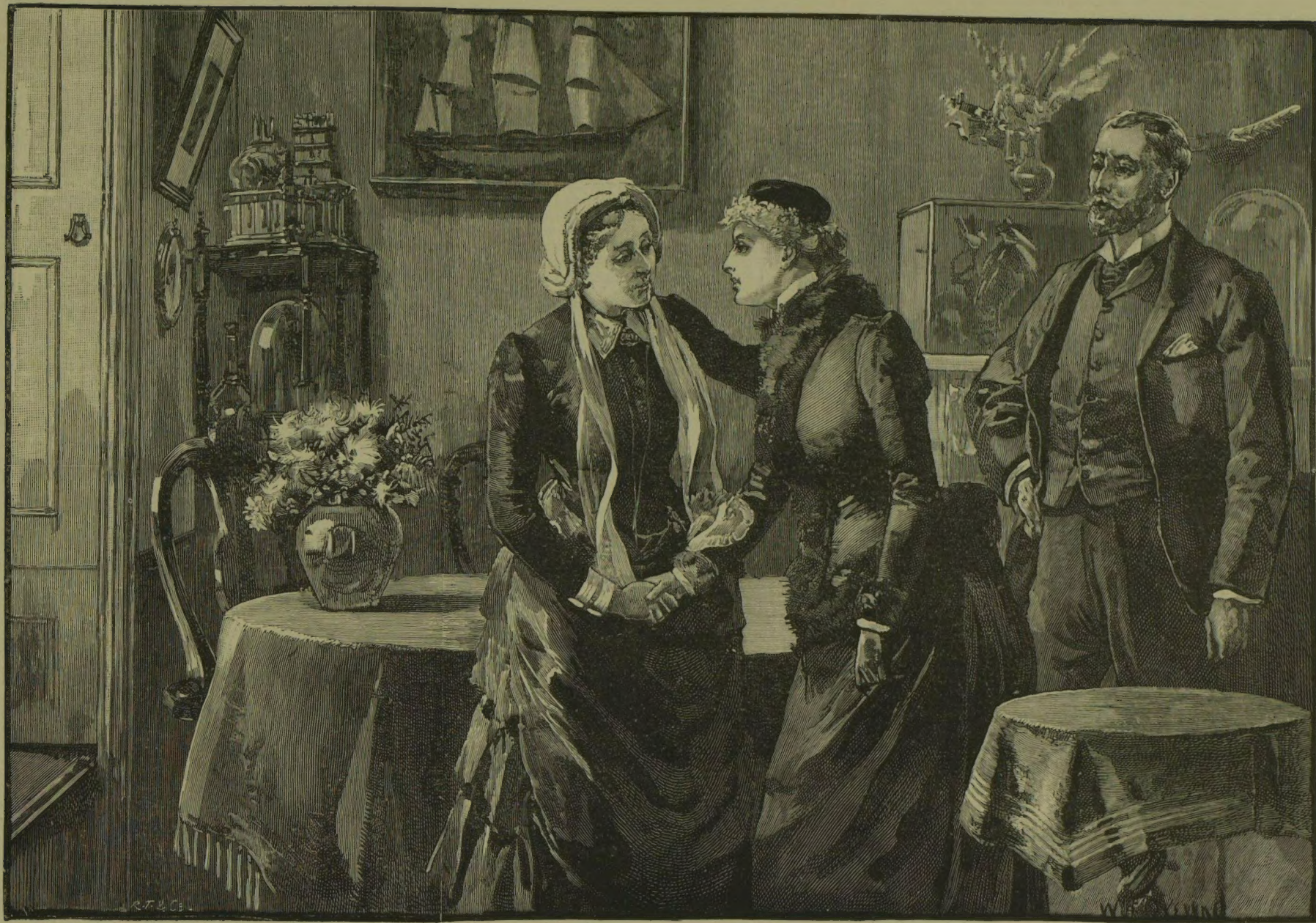
Our Portrait of Sir John Gorst is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, Regent Street; that of Mr. August Manns, from one by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra; that of the Mayor of Rotherham, by Mr. J. Crosby, of the same town; that of the new Dean of Worcester, by Messrs. T. Russell and Sons, of Baker Street, who have also taken the photograph of Mrs. Grimwood specially for this publication. The Portrait of Mrs. Bishop, formerly Miss Isabella Bird, is from a photograph by Mr. Moffat, of Edinburgh. Those of Madame Nordica and Miss Macintyre are furnished by the London Stereoscopic Company.



THE NEW STEAMER SCOT, UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY, SOUTH AFRICAN ROYAL MAIL SERVICE.



THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILE: IQUIQUE, AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

"Welcome to our little home, Helga!" said my mother.

MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOME.

There was small need to go on staring and gaping for any length of time to discover that we were the victims of an out-and-away shrewder, cleverer, subtler stratagem than we had practised upon those dark-skins. I could not perceive any smoke rising from the fore-castle. The fellows had been much too clever to accept the risk of suffocation as a condition of their escape. Abraham had assured me that the bulkhead which divided the fore-peak from the main hold was as strong as any timber wall could well be; but there was either some damage, some rent, some imperfection in the bulkhead, which provided access to the hold, or the crew, jobbing with Asiatic patience at the plank with their sharp knives, had penetrated it, having had all last night and all this day to do the work in.

A very little thing will make a very great deal of smoke. The burning of a small blanket might suffice to fill the hold of a much bigger ship than that barque with a smell of fire strong enough and rolls of vapour dense enough to fill her crew with consternation and drive them to the boats. While the fellows kept the hatch of the fore-peak closed the smoke could hardly filter through into the fore-castle. I can but conjecture how they managed; but the triumphant evidence of their cleverness lay clear to our gaze in the spectacle of the barque slowly drawing away into the morning blue of the south and west.

When the two boatmen saw how it was, I thought they would have jumped overboard in their passion. Abraham, as usual, flung his cap into the bottom of the boat and roared at the receding figure of the ship as though she were hard by, and the men aboard attentively listening to him. Jacob, soaking wet, his black hair plaistered upon his brow, and his face as purple now with temper as it had before been when he rose half-strangled out of the water, chimed in, and together they shouted.

Then, turning upon me, Abraham bawled out that he would follow them.

"This here's a fast boat," he vociferated. "Here be oars to help her canvas. Think them coloured scaramouches is a-going to rob me of my salvage? Is it to be all bad luck?—fust the Airly Marn, and now," cried he, wildly pointing at the barque, "a job that might ha' been worth three or four hundred pound a man! And to be tricked by such creatures! to be made to feel sorry by their howling and wailing! to watch 'em a-sailing away with what's properly moine and Jacob's, and yourn! Whoy, there's money enough for a fust-class marriage and the loife of a gentleman arterwards, in a single share of the salvage that them beasts has robbed us of!"

And so he went on; and when he paused for breath Jacob fell a-shouting in a like strain.

Meanwhile Helga, at the helm with a composed face, was

making the boat hug the wind, and the little fabric, bowed down by the spread of lug till the line of her gunwale was within a hand's-breadth of the water, was buzzing along at a speed that was fast dwindling the heap of square canvas astern into a toy-like space of white. At last Abraham and his mate fell silent; they seated themselves, looking with dogged faces over their folded arms at the diminishing barque.

For my part, long before the two honest fellows had made an end of their temper I had ceased to think of the Malays and the trick they had put upon us. Here we were now in a little open boat—three men and a girl—in the heart of a spacious field of sea, with nothing in sight, and no land nearer to us than the Great Canary, which lay many leagues distant, and for which the north-east wind would not suffer us to head on a direct course. Here was a situation heavy and significant enough to fill the mind, and leave no room for other thoughts. And yet I donot know that I was in the least degree apprehensive. The having the barque's fore-castle filled with a crew of fellows whose first business would have been to slaughter us three men on their breaking out had weighed intolerably upon my spirits. It was a dreadful danger, a horrible obligation now passed, and my heart felt comparatively light, forlorn and perilous as our situation still was. Then, again, I found a sort of support in the experiences I had passed through on the raft and in the lugger. The mind is always sensible of a shock on leaving the secure high deck of a ship, and looking abroad upon the vast, pitiless breast of old ocean from the low elevation of a boat's side. I have heard of this sort of transition paralysing the stoutest-hearted of a shipwrecked crew; for in no other situation does death seem to come nearer to one, floating close alongside, as it were, and chilling the hottest air of the tropics to the taste and quality of a frosty blast; and in no other situation does human helplessness find a like accentuation, so illimitable are the reaches of the materialised eternity upon which the tiny structure rests, the very stars by night looking wan and faintly glittering, as though the foundered gaze had rendered their familiar and noted distances measureless compared to their height from a ship's deck or from solid earth.

But, as I have it in my mind to say, our experiences in the raft and the open lugger were so recent that it was impossible to feel all this vastness and nearness of the deep and the unutterable solitude of our tiny speck of fabric in the midst of it, as though one came fresh from days of bulwarked heights and broad white decks to the situation. Helga surrendered the helm to Abraham, and the boat blew nimbly along over that summer stretch of sea; Abraham steering with a mortified face; Jacob leaning upon the weather gunwale with his chin upon his arms, sullenly gazing into vacancy; and Helga and I a little way forward, talking in a low voice over the past. What new adventure was this we had entered upon? Should we come off with our lives after all? The tigress ocean had shown herself in many moods since I had

found myself within reach of her claws. She was slumbering now. The dusky lid of night was closing upon the huge open trembling blue eye. Should we have escaped her before she aroused herself in wrath?

The sun was now low upon the horizon, and the sky was a flashing scarlet to the zenith, and of a violet dimness eastward, where a streak or two of delicate cloud caught the western glory and lay like some bits of chiselling in bronze in those tender depths.

"There ain't nothing in sight," said Jacob, resuming his seat after a long look round; "we shall have to go through the night."

"Well, I've been out in worse weather than this," exclaimed Abraham.

"Pity the breeze doesn't draw more north or south," said I. "The boat sails finely. A straight course for Tenerife would soon be giving us a sight of the Peak."

"Ye and the lady'll ha' seen enough, I allow, by this toime to make ye both want to get home," said Abraham. "Is there e'er a seafaring man who could tell of such a procession of smothering jobs all a-treading on each other's heels? Fust the loss of the Hayneen [meaning the Anine], then the raft, then the foundering of the Airly Marn, then the feeding of Mussulmen with pork, then the skipper—as was a proper gentleman, tew—a-falling in love and afterwards being murdered, then that there fire, and now this here boat—and all for what? Not a blooming penny to come out of the whole boiling!" And his temper giving way, down went his cap again, and he jumped to his feet with a thirsty look astern; but fortunately by this time the barque was out of sight, otherwise there is no doubt we should have been regaled with another half-hour of 'longshore lamentation and invective.

The breeze held steady, and the boat swept through it as though she were in tow of a steamer. The sun sank, the western hectic perished, and over our heads was spread the high night of hovering silver with much meteoric dust sailing amid the luminaries, and in the south-east stood the moon, in whose light the fabric of the boat and her canvas looked as though formed of ivory. We had brought a bull's-eye lamp with us, and this we lighted that we might tell how to steer by a small compass which Abraham had taken from the captain's cabin. We made as fair a meal as our little stock of provisions would yield, sitting in the moonshine eating and talking, dwelling much upon the incidents of the day, especially on the subtlety of the Malays, with occasional speculation on what yet lay before us; and again and again one after another of us would rise to see if there was anything in sight in the pale hazy blending of the ocean rim with the sky, which the moon as it soared flooded with her light.

To recount the passage of those hours would be merely to retrace our steps in this narrative. It was a tedious course of dozing, of watching, of whispering. At times I would start

with the conviction that it was a ship's light my eyes had fastened upon out in the silvery obscure, but never did it prove more than a star or some phosphorescent sparkling in the eye itself, as often happens in a gaze that is much strained and long vigilant.

It was some time before five o'clock in the morning that I was startled from what was more a trance of weariness than of restful slumber by a shout—

"Here's something coming at last!" cried the hoarse voice of Abraham.

The moon was gone, but the starlight made the dark very clear and fine, and no sooner had I directed my eyes astern than I spied a steamer's lights. The triangle of red, green, and white seemed directly in our wake, and so light was the breeze and so still the surface of the ocean that the pulsing of the engines, with the respiratory splashing of the water from the exhaust-pipe, penetrated the ear as distinctly as the tick of a watch held close.

"Flash the bull's-eye, Jacob," shouted Abraham, "or she'll be a-cutting of us down!"

The fellow sprang into the stern-sheets and flourished the light.

"Now sing out altogether, when I count three," cried Abraham again, "Ship ahoy! to make one word of it. Now then!—wan, tew, three!" We united our voices in a hurricane yell of "Ship ahoy!"

"Again!"

Once more we delivered the shout, with such a note in it as could only come from lungs made tempestuous by fear and desire of preservation. Six or seven times did we thus hail that approaching lump of shadow, defined by its triangle of sparks, and in the intervals of our cries Jacob vehemently flourished the bull's-eye lamp.

Suddenly the green light disappeared.

"Ha! She sees us!" exclaimed Abraham.

The sound of pulsing ceased, and then with a swiftness due to the atmospheric illusion of the gloom, but that, nevertheless, seemed incredible in a vessel whose engines had stopped, the great mass of shadow came shaping and forming itself out within her own length of us into the aspect of a large brig-rigged steamer, dark as the tomb along the length of her hull, but with a stream of lamplight touching her bridge, from which came a clear strong hail—

"Boat ahoy! What is wrong with you?"

"We're adrift, and want ye to pick us up!" roared Abraham. "Stand by to give us the end of a line!"

Within five minutes the boat, with sail down and mast unstepped, was alongside the motionless steamer, and ten minutes later she was veering astern and the four of us, with such few articles as we had to hand up, safe aboard, the engines champing, the bow-wave seething, and the commander of the vessel asking us for our story.

On the morning of Saturday the 18th of November, the brig-rigged steamer *Mosquito*, from the west coast of Africa for London, stopped her engines and came to a stand off the port of Falmouth, to put Helga and me ashore at that town by the aid of a little West country smack which had been spoken and now lay alongside.

The English coast should have been abreast of us days earlier than this; but very shortly after the *Mosquito* had picked us up something went wrong in her engine-room; our passage to Madeira was so slow as to be little more than a dull and tedious crawling over the waters; and we were delayed for some considerable time at Funchal while the chief engineer and his assistants got the engines into a condition to drive the great metal hull to her destination.

But now the two bold headlands of the fair coast of Falmouth—the tenderest, most gem-like bit of scenery, I do honestly believe, not that England only, but that this whole great world of rich and varied pictures has to show—lay plain in our eyes. Streaks of snow upon the heights shone like virgin silver in the crisp brilliant November sun of that wintry Channel morning, and betwixt the headlands the hills beyond showed in masses of a milk-white softness poised cloud-like in the keen blue distance, as though by watching you would see them soar.

I thanked the captain heartily for his kindness, and then, standing in the gangway with my sweetheart at my side, I asked for Abraham and Jacob that we might bid them farewell. The worthy fellows, endeared to me by the association of peril bravely met and happily passed, promptly arrived. I pulled out the money that I had taken from Mr. Jones's berth, and said: "Here are thirteen pounds and some shillings, Abraham, which belonged to that poor mate whom the Malays killed. Here is half the amount for you and Jacob; the other half will carry Miss Nielsen and me to Tintrenale. You need not scruple to take it. I will make inquiries if the poor creature had any relatives, and, if I can hear of them, the money will be repaid. And now you will both of you remember a promise I made to you aboard the *Early Morn*. Let me have your addresses at Deal!" for they were proceeding to the Downs in the steamer.

They told me where they lived. I then extended my hand. "God bless you both!" I said. "I shall never forget you!" And indeed more than that I could not have said at the moment, for my throat tightened when I looked into their honest faces and thought how Helga and I owed our lives to them.

It was a hearty farewell among the four of us; much hand-shaking and God-blessing of one another, and when we had entered the smack and shoved off, the two poor fellows got upon the bulwark rail and cheered us again and again, with such contortions of form and violence of gesture that I feared to see them fall overboard. But the steamer was now in motion, and in a very little while the two figures were indistinguishable. I have never seen them since; yet, as I write these words and think of them, my heart is full; if they be living I earnestly hope they are well and doing well; and if these lines meet their eye they will know that the heartiest of hearty welcomes awaits them whenever they shall find themselves near my little Cornish home.

The 18th was a Saturday, and I made up my mind to stay throughout Sunday at Falmouth, that I might have time to receive a line from Mr. Trembath, to whom my first business must be to send news of my safe return, that he might deliver it with all caution to my mother; for it was not to be foreseen how a sudden shock of joy might serve her. So we were no sooner ashore than I wrote to Mr. Trembath, and then Helga and I quitted the hotel to make some purchases, taking care to reserve enough to pay our travelling expenses home.

Next morning we went to church, and, kneeling side by side, we offered up the thanks of our deeply grateful hearts for our preservation from the many dark and deadly perils we had encountered, and for our restoration, sound in health and limb, to a land we had often talked of and had as often feared we should never again behold.

It was a quiet holiday with us afterwards: a brief passage of hours whose happiness was alloyed only by anxiety to get news of my mother. Our love for each other was true and deep—how true and how deep I am better able to know now than I did then, before time had tested the metal of our hearts. I was proud of my Danish sweetheart, of her heroic nature,

of her many endearing qualities of tenderness, goodness, simple piety, of her girlish gentleness of character, which, in the hour of trial and of danger, could harden into the courage of the lioness without loss, as I knew, of the sweetness and the bloom of her maidenhood. I felt, too, she was mine in a sense novel indeed in the experiences of love-making: I mean, by the right of having saved her life, of plucking her, as it were, out of the fury of the sea; for we were both very conscious that, but for my having been aboard the *Anine*, she must have perished, incapable of leaving her dying father even had she been able with her girl's hands alone to save herself, as between us we had saved ourselves.

But not to dwell upon this, nor to recount our walks on that quiet November Sabbath day, our exquisite and impassioned enjoyment of the scenes and sights and aromas of this favoured space of land after our many privations and after the sickening iteration of the ocean girdle, flawless for days and making our sight ache with gazing and with expectation: not to dwell upon this and much more that memory loves to recall,—Monday morning's post brought me a letter from Mr. Trembath. My mother was well—he had told her I was at Falmouth—I was to come to her without delay. It was a long letter, full of congratulations, of astonishment, but—my mother was well! She knew I was at Falmouth! All the rest was idle words to my happiness, full of news as the letter was, too. Helga laughed and cried and kissed me, and an hour later we were in a railway carriage on our way to Tintrenale.

On our arrival we immediately proceeded to the house of Mr. Trembath. We were on foot, and on our way from the railway station, as we turned the corner of the hilly road that led to the town, the whole view of the spacious bay opened upon our eyes. We instantly stopped, and I grasped Helga's hand while we stood looking. It was a keen bright blue morning, the air of a frosty, of an almost prismatic brilliance of purity owing to the shining ranges of snow upon the slopes and downs of the headlands of the cliffs. The Twins and the Deadlow Rock showed their black fangs with a recurrent flash of light as the sun smote them while wet from the lift of the swell that was rolling into the bay.

"Yonder is where the *Anine* brought up. Oh! Helga, do you remember?"

She answered me by caressing my shoulder with her cheek.

White gulls were hovering off the pier. To the right was the life-boat house out of which we had launched on that dark and desperate night of October 21. The weather-cock crowning the tall spire of St. Saviour's was glowing like gilt in the blue. Far off, at the foot of Hurricane Point, was the cloudy glimmer of boiling water, the seething of the Atlantic fold recoiling from the giant base. A smart little schooner lay half a mile out on a line with the pier, and, as she rolled, her copper glistened ruddily upon the dark-blue surface. Sounds of life arose from the town: the ringing of bells, the rattling of vehicles, the cries of the hawkers.

"Come, my darling!" said I, and we proceeded.

I shall never forget the look of astonishment with which Mr. Trembath received us. We were shown into his study—his servant was a new hand and did not know me; she admitted us as a brace of parishioners, I dare say. "Great Heaven! it is Hugh Tregarthen!" he cried, starting out of his chair as though a red-hot iron had been applied to him. He wrung both my hands, overwhelming me with exclamations. I could not speak. He gave me no opportunity to introduce Helga. Indeed, he did not seem sensible of her presence.

"Alive, after all! A resurrection, in good faith! What a night it was, d'ye remember? Ha! ha!" he cried, clinging to my hands and staring, with the wildest earnestness of expression, into my face, while his eyes danced with congratulation and gratification. "We gave you up. You ought to be dead—not a doubt of it! No young fellow should return to life who has been mourned for as you were!" Thus he rattled on.

"But my mother—my mother, Mr. Trembath! How is my mother?"

"Well, well, perfectly well—looking out for you. Why are you not with her instead of with me? But to whom am I talking?—To Hugh Tregarthen's ghost?"

Here his eyes went to Helga, and his face underwent a change.

"This young lady is a friend of yours?" and he gave her an odd sort of puzzling inquisitive bow.

"If you will give me leave, Mr. Trembath. I have not yet had a chance. First let me introduce you to Miss Helga Nielsen, my betrothed—the young lady whom before long will be Mrs. Hugh Tregarthen, so named by your friendly offices."

He peered at me to see if I was joking, then stepped up to her, extended his hand, and courteously greeted her. Sweet the dear heart looked as she stood with her hand in his, smiling and blushing, her blue eyes filled with emotion, that darkened them to the very complexion of tears, and that made them the prettier for the contrast of their expression with her smile.

"My dear mother being well," said I, "the delay of a quarter of an hour can signify nothing. Let us seat ourselves that I may briefly tell you my story and explain how it happens that Helga and I are here instead of going straight to my home."

He composed himself to listen, and I began. I gave him our adventures from the hour of my boarding the *Anine*, and I observed that as I talked he incessantly glanced at Helga with looks of growing respect, satisfaction, and pleasure.

"Now," said I, when I had brought my narrative down to the time of our being picked up by the *Mosquito*, never suffering his repeated exclamations of amazement, his frequent starts and questions, to throw me off the straight course of my recital, "my wish is to see my mother alone, and when I have had about an hour with her I want you to bring Helga to our home."

"I quite understand," he exclaimed: "a complication of surprises would certainly be undesirable. You will prepare the way. I shall know how to congratulate her. I shall be able to speak from my heart," said he, smiling at Helga.

"One question, Mr. Trembath. What of my poor life-boat's crew?"

"Three of them were drowned," he answered; "the rest came ashore alive in their belts. It was a very astonishing preservation. The gale shifted and blew in a hurricane off the land, as of course you remember; yet the drive of the seas stranded the survivors down upon the southern end of the esplanade. They were all washed in together—a most extraordinary occurrence, as though they had been secured by short lengths of line."

"And they are all well?"

"All. Poor Bobby Tucker and Lance Hudson were almost spent, almost gone; but there was a Preventive man standing close by the spot to where the sea washed them; he rushed away for help; they were carried to their homes—and what a story they had to tell! The poor Danes who had jumped into the boat were drowned to a man."

Helga clasped her hands, and whispered some exclamation to herself in Danish.

I sat for another five minutes, and then rose with a significant look at the clock, that Mr. Trembath might remember

my sweetheart was not to be absent from me for more than an hour. I then kissed her and left the house, and made my way to my mother's home.

It was but a short step, yet it took me a long while to reach the door. I believe I was stopped at least ten times. Tintrenale is a little place; the ripple of a bit of news dropped into that small pool swiftly spreads to the narrow boundaries of it, and, though Mr. Trembath had only heard from me on the preceding day, the whole town knew that I was alive, that I was at Falmouth, that I was on my way home. But for this I might have been stared at as a ghost, and have nimbly stepped past faces turned in dumb astonishment upon me. Now I had to shake hands; now I had to answer questions, breaking away with what grace I could.

When I reached my home there was no need to knock. My dear mother was at the window, and, to judge from the celerity with which the door flew open, she had stationed a servant in the hall ready to admit me at her first cry.

"Dear mother!"

"My darling child."

She strained me to her heart in silence. My throat was swelled, and she could not speak for weeping. But tears of rejoicing are soon dried, and in a few minutes I was on the sofa, at her side, our hands locked.

In the first hurry and joy of such a meeting as this much will be said that the memory cannot carry. There was a score of questions to answer and put, none of which had any reference whatever to my strange experiences. She was looking somewhat thin and worn, as though fretting had grown into a habit which she could not easily shake off. Her snow-white hair, her dear old face, her dim eyes, in which lay a heart-light of holy, reverent exultation, the trembling fingers with which she caressed my hair—the homely little parlour, too, with the dance of the fire-play in the shady corners of the room, its twenty details of pictures, sideboard—I know not what else—all my life familiar to me, upon which, indeed, the eyes of my boyhood first opened—I found it as hard to believe that I was in my old home again at last, that my mother's voice was sounding in my ear—that it was her beloved hand which toyed with my hair—as at times I had found it hard to believe that I was at sea, floating helplessly aboard a tiny raft under the stars.

"Mother, did you receive the message that was written upon a board, and read by the people of the Cape steamer homeward-bound?"

"Yes, four days ago; but only four days ago, Hugh! I believed I should never see you again, my child!"

"Well, thank God it is well with us both—ay, well with three of us," said I: "the third presently to be as precious in this little home, mother, as ever a one of us that has slept beneath its roof."

"What is this you are saying?" she exclaimed.

"Be composed, and give me your ear and follow me in the adventures I am going to relate to you," said I, pulling out my watch and looking at it.

My words would readily account for her perceiving something in my mind of a significance quite outside that of my adventures; but the instincts of the mother went further than that; I seemed to catch a look in her as though she half guessed at what I must later on tell her. It was an expression of mingled alarm and remonstrance, almost as anticipative as though she had spoken. God knows why it was she should thus suggest that she had lighted upon what was still a secret to her, seeing, as one might suppose, that the very last notion which would occur to her was that I had found a sweetheart out upon the ocean in these few weeks of my absence from home. But there is a subtle quality in the blood of those closely related which will interpret to the instincts as though the eye had the power of exploring the recesses of the heart.

I began my story. As briefly as I might, for there was no longer an hour before me, I related my adventures step by step. I had only to pronounce the girl's name to witness the little movement of jealousy and suspicion hardening in the compressed lips and graver attention of the dear old soul. I had much to say of Helga. In truth, my story was nearly all about Helga: her devotion to her father, her marvellous spirit in the direst extremity, her pious resignation to the stroke that had made her an orphan. I put before my mother a picture of the raft, the star-lit gloom of the night, the dying man with his wife's portrait in his hand. I told her of Helga's heroic struggle with her anguish of bereavement, her posture of prayer as I launched the corpse, her prayer again in the little fore-peak of the lugger where the dim lantern faintly disclosed the picture of her mother, before which the sweet heart knelt. My love for her, my pride in her were in my face as I spoke; I felt the warm blood in my cheek, and emotion made my poor words eloquent.

Sometimes my mother would break out with an exclamation of wonder or of admiration, sometimes she would give a sigh of sympathy; tears stood in her eyes while I was telling her of the poor Danish captain's death and of Helga kneeling in prayer in the little fore-peak. When I had made an end, she gazed earnestly at me for some moments in silence, and then said—

"Hugh, where is she?"

"At Mr. Trembath's!"

"She is in Tintrenale?"

"At Mr. Trembath's, mother."

"Why did you not bring her here?"

"I wished to break the news."

"But she is your friend, Hugh. She was a good daughter, and she is a good girl. I must love her for that."

I kissed her. "You will love her when you see her. You will love her more and more as you know her better and better. She is to be my wife. Oh, mother, you will welcome her—you will take her to your heart, so friendless as she is and so poor; so tender too, so gentle, so affectionate?"

She sat musing awhile, playing with her fingers. That colouring of suspicion, of a mother's jealousy, which I have spoken of, had yielded to my tale. She was thinking earnestly, and with an expression of kindness.

"You are young to marry, Hugh."

"No, no, mother!"

"She is very young too. We are poor, dear; and she has nothing, you tell me."

"She is one of those girls, mother, who having nothing yet have all."

She smiled, and stroked my hand, and then turned her head as though in a reverie, and fixed her eyes for a little space upon my father's picture.

"We know nothing of her parents," said she.

"She has her mother's portrait. It tells its own story. We know who and what her father was. But you shall question her, mother. I see her kneeling at your side telling you her little life-history."

At this moment the house-door knocker was set chattering by a hand that I very well knew could belong to no other man than Mr. Trembath. I was too impatient to await the attendance of the servant, and rushing to the door brought Helga into the parlour. The clergyman followed, and as Helga stood in the doorway he peered over her shoulder at my mother. The dear girl was pale and nervous, yet sweet and

fresh and fair beyond words did she look, and my heart leapt up in my breast to the instant thought that my mother could not see her without being won.

The pause was but for a moment; my mother rose and looked at the girl. It was a swift penetrating gaze, that vanished in a fine warm cordial smile.

"Welcome to our little home, Helga!" said she, and stepping up to her she took her by the hands, kissed her on both cheeks, and drew her to the sofa.

"Well, good-bye for the present, Hugh," exclaimed Mr. Trembath.

"I will accompany you," said I.

"No," cried my mother, "stay here, Hugh! This is your proper place," and she motioned for me to sit beside her.

Mr. Trembath, with a friendly nod, disappeared.

My story comes to an end as the worthy little clergyman closes the door upon the three of us. When I sat down to this work, I designed no more than the recital of the adventures of a month; and now I put down my pen very well satisfied that I leave you who have followed me in no doubt as to the issue of Helga's introduction to my mother, though it would go beyond my scheme to say more on that head. I found a sweetheart at sea, and made her my wife ashore, and a time came when my mother was as proud of her Danish daughter as I was of my Danish bride.

There had been much talk between Helga and me, when we were on the ocean, of our going to Kolding; but down to the present time we have not visited that place. Her friends there are few, and the journey a long one; yet we are constantly talking of making an excursion to Copenhagen, and the mere fancy, perhaps, gives us as much pleasure as the trip itself would. Through the friendly offices of the Danish Vice-Consul at Falmouth, we were enabled to realise upon the poor few effects which Captain Nielsen had left behind him in his little house at Kolding, and we also obtained payment of the money for which he had insured his own venture in the freight that had foundered.

There were moments when I would think with regret of the Light of the World. No doubt, could we have brought her to England or to a port, our share of the salvage would have made a little dowry for Helga, for, though I had not seen the vessel's papers, I might reasonably suppose the value of the cargo, added to that of the barque herself, amounted to several thousands of pounds, and, as there were but four to share, Helga's and my division would not have failed to yield us a good round sum.

And what was the end of that ship? I have heard the story: it found its way into the newspapers, but in brief, insufficient paragraphs only. The whole narrative of her adventures after we had been tricked out of her by her coloured crew is one of the strangest romances of the sea that my experience has encountered, student as I am of maritime affairs. Some of these days I may hope to tell the story; but for the present you will consider that I have said enough.

THE END.

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A testimonial, consisting of a cheque for upwards of £200 and an illuminated address, was on June 19 presented by past and present members of Rugby School to Mr. G. E. Patey, who is resigning the post of school marshal after forty years' service under five head masters. The presentation was made by Mr. Headlam, head of the school, in the presence of many Old Rugbeians and present members.

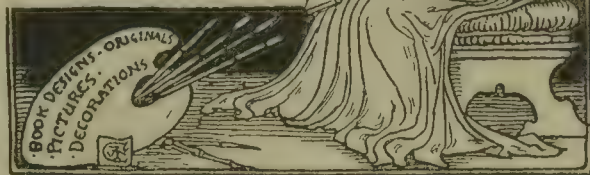
A balloon carrying M. Lachambre, an aeronaut, and two companions ascended from the gasworks at La Villette on June 17. It had reached a height of only about sixty feet, when the aeronaut fell from the car. He sustained a fracture of the thigh, besides serious internal injuries, and was removed to the Lariboisière Hospital in a hopeless condition. The balloon continued to rise, and eventually disappeared in the clouds. It and its occupants descended safely the same night at Orsay, near Versailles, after having attained an altitude of 4000 metres.

ART NOTES.

M. Jan van Beers has already held an exhibition of his collected works in this country, but the verdict passed upon them at the time was not altogether favourable. Since then he has been at some pains to prove to the English public that in refusing to take him as a serious painter they were mistaken. Most certainly M. van Beers's contributions to the Royal Academy during the past two years have been marvellous displays of technical skill in portrait-painting. The twenty-seven specimens now on view at the Continental Gallery (157, New Bond Street) will in a way confirm the later impression produced by M. van Beers. The portraits of the Maréchale Serrano, of Mrs. Lewis, and in a lesser degree of the child Mdlle. W., in a fancy dress, are really marvellous renderings of the originals, forcible and solid, and at the same time delicate in tone and texture. Perhaps the greatest triumph in the latter respect is "La Frileuse," a lady in a sealskin cloak, close-fitting, with a toque and muff—which she holds over the lower part of her face—to match. The painting of the single, almost black, figure against the snow-covered ground is bold in the extreme, but the result fully justifies the painter. In fact, it is as a master of brushwork that M. van Beers claims a prominent place among the Franco-Belgian artists of the day. His taste is often vulgar and his imagination *dévergondée*. He is, doubtless, a truthful exponent of a phase of modern society, but it is of that phase which is always liable to change but never to revolution. Of this ephemeral *chic*, M. van Beers may claim to be painter-in-ordinary, and we have no doubt that he enjoys fully all the privileges of his position.

Whatever divergence of opinion may exist as to Mr. Walter Crane's position as a painter, few will deny him a high place as a master of design and decoration. The exhibition of his works at the Fine Art Society's Gallery shows him at his best, and almost, but not quite, at his worst. He has, we think, shown good taste in eliminating some of his more exaggerated work in oils, although we could well have dispensed with his treatment of Europa, Pandora, and one or two others. "The Bridge of Life," painted in 1884, is, without doubt, almost, if not quite, the most successful of Mr. Crane's allegorical treatments of ancient myths. The grouping of the figures is thoroughly classical, and the attitudes, with the single exception of Charon's, dignified and effective.

We turn, however, with a feeling of relief to the simpler aims of Mr. Crane's decorative work. It is especially in the treatment of fairy tales and nursery rhymes that he shows the best side of his imaginative faculty as well as the more graceful phase of his draughtsmanship. Childhood owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Walter Crane, since for five-and-twenty years he has supplied children—of both larger and smaller growth—with his delightful conceits and happy suggestions. With far greater



poetic fancy than either Randolph Caldecott or Miss Kate Greenaway, he has recognised the unconscious sense of poetry which underlies nearly every child's mind, and without complicating childish emotion he lets a flood of light into its wonderment and eager longings. The gulf which separates "The Three Bears" from "Flora's Feast," the most fanciful of all Mr. Crane's children's books, is bridged over by himself by the numerous works which from time to time revealed his habit of thought and his mode of expression. This expression of a life's work can be seen in the present exhibition in both colour and in black and white, and its careful study will amply repay those who care for decorative work of the most fanciful and varied kind.

Thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. Dowdeswells, on the one hand, and Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti at the Hanover Gallery, on the other, it is easy for the student to make a comparison of the best periods of English and French landscape painting. The first named have brought together a really excellent display of the works of Gainsborough, Morland, and of the Norwich school—such as the two Cromes, Stack, Stannard, and others—while the more "romantics" are represented by Bonington, Constable, and Müller. Of these, Constable, next after Wilson, did the most to revive the art of natural landscape painting in France; while Bonington, as we well know, was hung in the Louvre among the French artists.

At the Hanover Gallery we see what the teaching of these leaders effected in the works of Rousseau, Danbigny, Jacques, Corot, and other artists of the Barbizon school, among whom Millet claims the first place. Their styles are too well known to need eulogy or defence, and we need only commend the display of their works which is to be seen under such advantageous conditions.

Mr. John Lavery within a very short space of time has managed to take his place as a leader of the new "Glasgow School," which promises to leave its mark upon Scotch art. At the time of its first exhibition (in 1885) we called especial attention to his "Tennis Party," which had found a place at the Royal Academy—and we foretold the probably rapid rise of the then almost unknown painter. The original picture was purchased for the Munich Modern Pinakothek; but Mr. Lavery has recognised the value of the idea he had there hit upon—and in the exhibition of his collected works at the Goupil Gallery there are two or three treatments of the same theme, all of them displaying the artist's powers at the best. His most ambitious work, "The Night after Langside," representing Queen Mary and her attendants making their way to the English border, is not his most successful. It is struggling in composition and somewhat too sketchy for a work of this pretension. Mr. Lavery is more happy in such works as "An Irish Girl," in black and green, a lady in black velvet and fur, and "The Girl in White," all of which bear the impress of original thought and treatment. Mr. Lavery shows very strongly the influence of his French training, not only in the broad touch with which he applies his colour, but in the desire to represent his figures in active motion, as in the brilliant renderings of the Hamilton Park race meeting, or the more impressionist view of West George

Street, Glasgow—a scene not lending itself naturally to pictorial treatment.

At Mr. McLean's Gallery, in the Haymarket, Mr. Lavery may be seen in the very different character of a "Court pageant painter"—the subject being "The Queen's Visit to the Glasgow International Exhibition." It will be enough to say that the artist has handled a very unsatisfactory subject in a masterly manner, and has succeeded not only in reproducing a general panoramic effect of the ceremony, but in making a large number of those taking part in it recognisable.

THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

A sufficiently varied selection of different objects of popular curiosity at the Naval Exhibition is displayed in our Illustrations this week. The death of Nelson is represented, with an effect too realistic and sensational for refined taste, by Mr. J. T. Tussaud's waxwork figures in the cockpit on the orlop deck of the model of H.M.S. Victory. Here lies the wounded hero, surrounded by those who attended him—Dr. Beatty, the surgeon, the Rev. Dr. Scott, chaplain, Mr. Burke, the ship's purser, and Mr. Chevallier, the steward, while Captain Thomas Hardy—"Kiss me, Hardy!" says the dying English admiral—has left the fighting above, for a minute, to bid Nelson farewell. It would, perhaps, have been more agreeable to many visitors of the Exhibition, instead of this ghastly waxwork, to have borrowed the fine picture, by Devis, belonging to the Queen, in Buckingham Palace.

As for the full-size model of H.M.S. Victory, it has been well constructed by Messrs. Campbell Smith and Co., under the direction of Mr. J. Farquharson, late of the Admiralty, and is exact in all the details, including the guns and piles of shot arranged for battle. The glorious old hulk may still be seen in Portsmouth inner harbour. Among the relics in the Blake and Nelson Galleries of this Exhibition is a piece of the top-lining of the Victory's foretop-sail, torn with the shot and stained with the blood of Trafalgar. It was cast aside in a sail-room at Chatham Dockyard, and was found there sixty-five years after the battle; Lieutenant Henry Chamberlain, R.N., has lent it to this Exhibition.

Among the prints, engravings, and drawings in the Benbow Gallery are several representations, lithographs, by Schetky, a coloured transfer on glass, and a plaque of old Leeds ware, of the celebrated naval duel, on June 1, 1813, between H.M.S. Shannon, under Captain Broke, and the United States frigate Chesapeake, off Boston, which the centenarian naval veteran, Admiral Sir Provo Wallis, has lived so long to remember. Our Artist has either observed or perhaps fancied an American lady visitor to the Exhibition in friendly converse with an old naval officer upon that famous action, which was quite an affair of honour, creditable equally to the sailors of both nations and to the valour of their common English race.

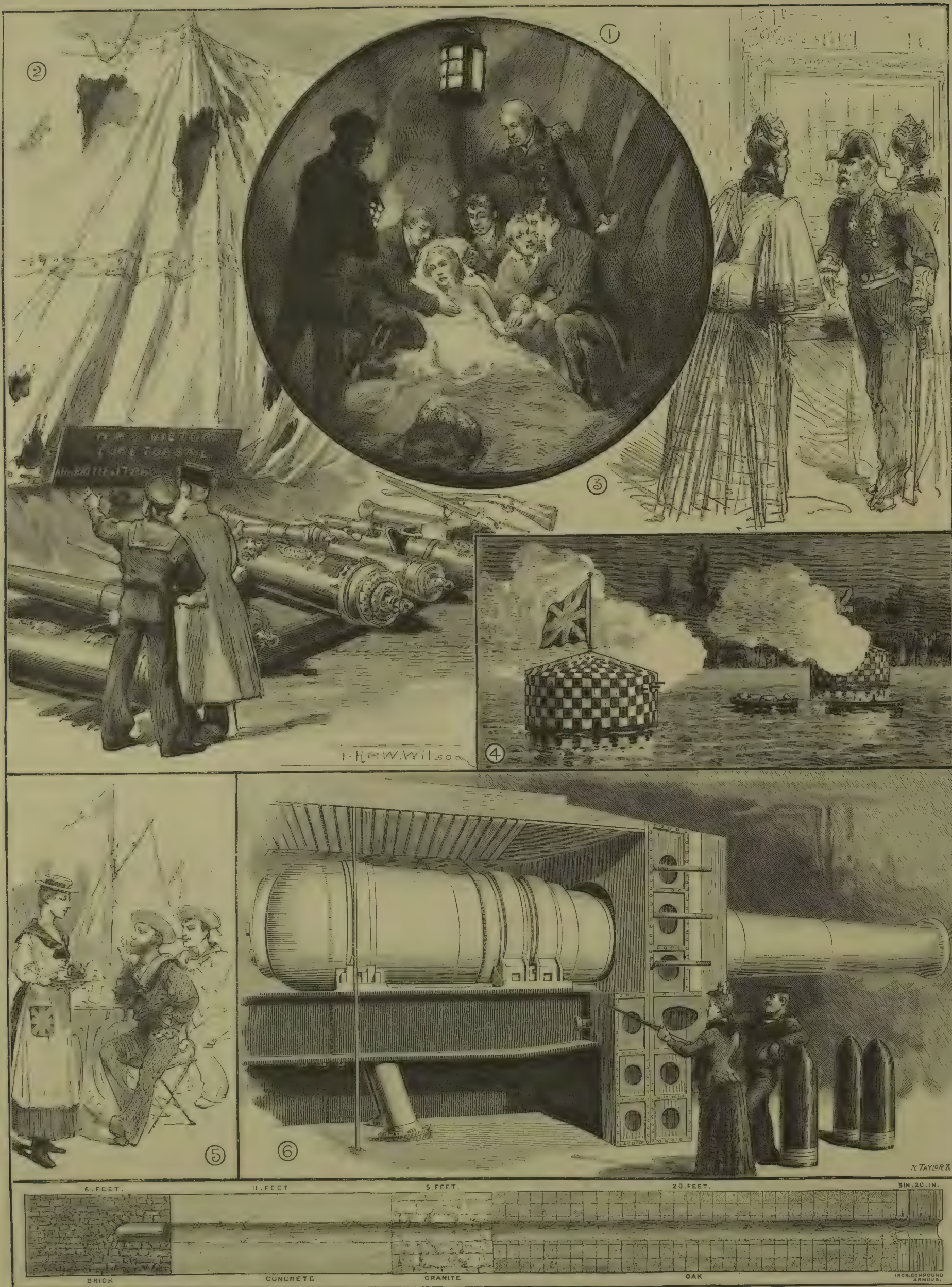
The mining and countermining and torpedo-discharging manoeuvres on the spacious quadrangular tank, which may euphemistically be styled a lake, are of some practical interest. We have got to fight under water in these days, but 5 ft. is a limited depth, and 70 yards' range is a distance only for mimic warfare, if the boats are to run the gauntlet between the quick-firing guns, here mounted on floating targets. To lay and explode submarine mines in a tidal channel, at night, evading the vigilance of an enemy on the alert, and moving in any direction, is far more difficult. The operations with Whitehead darting torpedoes, conducted by Lieutenant Wells, R.N., are very striking: the terrible missile, with a speed of thirty miles an hour, propelled within by compressed air, runs under the target, and explodes, but with a harmless charge at this Exhibition, when stopped by an obstacle placed there. For real mischief, however, it would have to strike the side or bottom of a vessel, when a charge of 200 lb. of gun-cotton would show what it could do.

Refreshments are to be got at several restaurants in the grounds, one place being as good as another; but it is at the "Keppel's Head," named after the gallant admiral who won a peerage in 1782, ancestor of the Earl of Albemarle and of the late Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, that two smart seamen have chosen to smoke their pipes and rest. Is it tea—or what—the young woman has brought to their order?

"The Woolwich Infant" was a joke of that arsenal, we remember, thirty years ago. The youngest offspring of artillery manufacture for our Navy is beyond a joke in magnitude and cost. Britannia's sea-fighting children are indulged with such expensive playthings as ships costing a million, with certain big guns one of which represents money that would be a handsome private fortune for a moderate man. Here is a piece of ordnance weighing 110 tons, 43 ft. 9 in. long, 5 ft. 6 in. wide at the breech, with a calibre of 16½ in. It takes the labour of fifteen months, at the Armstrong works, Newcastle, to make this weapon, which is fifty times more powerful than any gun that Nelson ever saw. The charge is 960 lb. of best prismatic gunpowder; the cylindrical steel shot weighs 1800 lb.; the expense of firing a single shot is £177, and the gun will not bear firing more than two or three hundred times, so that its deterioration from use must further be reckoned as expense. What would Queen Elizabeth, who grudged every penny to the fleet that defeated the Spanish Armada, have said to this? Queen Victoria's subjects will not grudge it, unless it be true, as we now hear, that, for conflict between ships and ships, the handier 67-ton gun is the more useful instrument of war. It is questionable, perhaps, whether a range of fourteen miles is likely to occur in actual service. We are not going to shoot an enemy across the Straits of Dover or the Straits of Gibraltar.

But theoretical gunnery attack of conceivable prodigious fortifications is a favourite kind of scientific problem. It has been proved by experiment that a shot from this huge gun will penetrate, as shown in our last Illustration, a compound target or rampart behind which one might have expected safety. Twenty inches' thickness of special compound and steel armour, backed by 8 in. of iron plates, and 20 ft. of solid oak timber, facing a 5-ft thick wall of granite, behind which are a mass of concrete 11 ft. thick and a brick wall 6 ft. thick, ought to be some protection. Well, this shot makes a hole right through all, as far as the brick, which it pierces to the depth of 3 ft., knocking out a wedge of brickwork on the other side. What is coming next? In real military and naval practice, however, many other considerations intervene, besides the direct force of artillery and the resisting strength of artificial defences.

From the interesting gallery of historical pictures (the Blake Gallery) we have copied the portrait of Rear-Admiral Sir Home Riggs Popham, K.C.B., who died in 1820. He commanded, in 1805, the naval squadron that conquered the Cape of Good Hope, and the attack next year on Buenos Ayres, which was not so discreetly conducted; he also invented the official code of naval signals.



1. The Death of Nelson: Waxwork Figures in the Cockpit of the Model of H.M.S. Victory.
2. Foretopsail Cover of H.M.S. Victory at Trafalgar, torn with shot and stained with blood.
3. Visitors talking of the Naval Duel in 1813 between H.M.S. Shannon and the American Frigate Chesapeake.

4. Mines and Countermines in the Tank: Boats running the gauntlet between the enemy's guns.
5. A Chat at the Keppel's Head Restaurant.
6. The Youngest Naval Artillery "Infant": the 110-ton Gun.
7. Effect of an 1800-lb. shot, through steel armour, iron, oak, granite, concrete, and brick.

SKETCHES AT THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION, CHELSEA.



REAR-ADMIRAL SIR HOME POPHAM, K.C.B. (1765 TO 1820).

PORTRAIT IN THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

A VIEW OF EDUCATION.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"In the year of the Restoration of Religion, 500 : In the year of the Era of Christ, 3756," says the papyrus of the future, "I, Koreph, Priest of Amen, dwelling in the City of the White Wall, wrote—

"O King, Strong Bull, Child of Amen, Lord of the Disk of Ra, thou art young ! Listen to the wisdom of old, and to the words which Thoth, the Counsellor, has put into my mouth. O King, thou pitiest the poor and the ignorant, the dyer who is stained with the colours of his dyes, the embalmer of the dead, for that men hold themselves apart from him ; the fisher, for that he toils and catches nothing, as is the manner of his tribe ! They walk all in darkness, thou sayest, and they cannot read our sacred writings, nor do they take pleasure in the paintings of the temple walls, for ignorance has sealed their eyes. Also they have hard task-masters over them, and the sound of the whip is heard in the land.

"My son, put pity far from thee, and, as for knowledge, lo ! the gods have made it only for the few. Take warning from what befell the Northern barbarians in the old days, before he who sleeps in Abydos woke again and Horus came back to holy Khemi. Thou knowest how, three thousand years ago,

there arose many small nations, and they fought against each other, and everywhere was war and pestilence and famine. Then they forgot how to make their strange engines ; nay, there was no peace, nor any knowledge, but everywhere a fighting and flocking, as of kites and crows, each seizing what he might. The great cities were desolate ; men left off calling on any gods, and betook them to witchcraft. Thus perished the barbarians of the North and the West, all but a remnant. And that remnant came to Khemi, which is a fertile land, and they fought against the Ethiopians and the barbarians of the South, who had taken it for their own, and overcame and ruled the people of Khemi, for they are a peaceful folk, patient, and unskilled in war. But, as for the North and the West, partly the great King of the Yellow People took the lands, and partly the forests grew over them. For the Northern barbarians have now no tools of bronze nor of Typhon's bone (iron), which is accursed, but only knives of stone and bone. But in Khemi the remnant of the rich of the barbarians worshipped no gods, and multiplied books as of old, and strove to do after all the folly of their hearts. Yet the gods were merciful, and, after many ages, the rulers of the land turned again to worship Ra in his might, the Lord of the Day, and Isis and Osiris, and Anubis. They sought out the old faith again, for they said

instruction common. But instruction must be kept for the few ; it is a holy place, wherein none but the priests may enter. Thou thyself, O King, desirest to look upon the secret shrine of Sebak, but it may not be, nor mayest thou approach his majesty. This was the wisdom of old, and wisdom changes not, nor do men change, though they strive to be as gods. Therefore, O King, put sorrow from thee, and slay lions as of old, or make war upon the great King of the Yellow People, who are accursed. For they first devised the engines whereby knowledge is made common and the world is turned upside down. But if thou wilt not hearken to me, Khemi also shall fall, and our children shall eat raw flesh. Yet, even so, the great wheel of the world shall revolve again, for it is not written that the gods shall perish for ever out of Khemi while the great Pyramid of Hir stands fast by the sacred river.

"This have I, Koreph, written, being instructed in wisdom of old, and knowing well that the thing which has been is the thing that shall be."

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE BUILDINGS.

We present a View of the south front of the People's Palace, facing Mile End Road, as now completed. It is the gift of



COMPLETED BUILDINGS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END ROAD, EAST LONDON

the gods were driven out, and new gods came, and the knowledge of them that were instructed perished. A fierce people arose from the South, following the star of their god, Allah, and they drove out the new gods for a season. But the Northern barbarians, who now dwell in huts, being dressed in skins, and eating raw meat, waxed great, and knowledge increased among them. Also, they sought out many inventions. First, they devised a craft whereby letters could be multiplied, and they suffered the poor to read the sacred books. Thereby came broils and wars, as was fitting, and the people arose and slew their kings, the shepherds of men. And they said that this was good. Then they still more multiplied their inventions, and they had iron horses that devoured space, and message-wires that carried tidings in a moment of time. Also they said, 'Lo ! the people is a good people,' and made the vilest men their governors ; yet they oppressed the poor with heavy burdens, and toil such as is not known in Khemi. Moreover, they caught the children and compelled them to learn to read books, and filled their brains while their bellies were empty. When they had done this for but a little time, the poor became as gods, knowing good and evil, no less than the priests, who alone should have knowledge. Then they banded themselves together, and they smote the rich, thinking themselves to possess their wealth, and to divide it among them. But, lo ! the wealth perished out of their hands, and none could borrow and none could lend, no man being able to call anything his own. Thus in one nation

that 'in faith a people is happy and peaceful and patient.' So they burned the books of their old learning, and the evil engines that multiplied them. And they wrote only in the ancient sacred characters, which none know but the instructed, the Gift of Thoth to the holy priests that are sealed in his name. Also, they set task-masters over the people, with the rod in their hands. For it is certain, O King, that men must be ruled, and thou beholdest the rod in the hands of him who sleeps at Abydos, the Lord of the Double World. And kings can rule, but to make men happy is not given to any but the gods, who punish sinners in Amenti. But the people cannot rule though they can destroy, and if thou givest them but an inch they take an ell. While they know nothing, they are content, and this is as much of happiness as falls to the lot of painful men. But when they know, contentment passes from them and comes back no more for ever. This is the fortune of us who know. Thou, O King, art sad, and ill-content ; the slaying of lions delights thee not, nor the game of chess, nor the faces of thy ladies. I also, thy servant, am sad, when I think of the lot of men which the gods have given them. But the dyer and the fisher and the carpenter think of none of these things, because they are not instructed. They sing and make merry at the festivals of their gods, who alone are blessed, if, indeed, even they are blessed. It is not well that all knowledge should perish, otherwise were we no better than the barbarians of the North, who once were a mighty people, and now live miserably on the flesh of wild beasts, because they made

the Drapers' Company, and has been constructed at a cost of about £15,000. Our readers will remember that the central hall was the first portion of the building erected ; its rough brick southern end has been masked in stone in the manner shown. The outer portion to the south front contains, on the ground floor, the grand entrance to the hall and staircases, and several first-floor rooms in connection with technical teaching, while the upper floor is devoted to the art school. Mr. E. R. Robson, the architect, has endeavoured to give expression to the uses of the building as a hall of assembly, and also as a school for the encouragement of art and science. The *motif* is somewhat the same as that of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly, but is carried further, and, having a southerly aspect, has the advantage of being in sunlight. To the left of the View is shown a part of the "Winter Garden," which has been erected at the cost of Lord Iveagh (Sir Edward Guinness) for about £14,000.

The "Fiffel Tower in diamonds," one metre high, was sold at the Bourse du Commerce, Paris, for £8800.

Mrs. French Sheldon, who left Zanzibar in March last, in order to visit Masailand and Mount Kilima-Njaro, arrived at Zanzibar on June 19, on her return from the coast, very weak and ill and unable to stand. Mrs. Sheldon was carried on board the steamer Madura without landing. The Madura sailed on June 22 for England.

NOTES OF GREEK TRAVEL. III.—DELPHI AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BY GEORGE A. MACMILLAN.

In the uplands of Northern Greece, almost within sight of the sea, though many hundred feet above it, at the foot of a magnificent range of limestone cliffs, lies a small village, picturesque if you will, but mean and squalid withal. Its site could not easily be surpassed in point of natural beauty and grandeur. Behind it the cliffs, sundered in one place by a mighty cleft; below a deep valley, the steeply sloping sides of which and its narrow bottom are besprinkled with olives and almonds and fig-trees. To the left the valley runs up into a region of mountains; to the right, after passing through a narrow gorge, it broadens out into a rich plain, which extends to the shores of the Gulf of Corinth, and is in great measure covered with olive woods. Facing us, on the other side of the valley, is another mountain wall, taking in the strong sunlight a warm tone from the lichens and other low herbage which the limestone loves to harbour. Truly a noble scene!—fit home, with its mountains, its natural caverns and bubbling springs, for a god to dwell in, for his worshippers to frequent and adorn! For this is Delphi, the site of the great Oracle of Apollo,



A PROVINCIAL MAYOR.

army of excavators, who, after demolishing the village of Kastri, will proceed to lay bare what still remains of the ancient sanctuary. Attempts have been made now and again to clear the site of the Temple of Apollo, and the boundary wall, covered with inscriptions, was revealed by the French some years ago. It is a splendid piece of polygonal, surmounted by rectangular masonry of the best period. Below it was uncovered the foundation and some of the columns of a portico set up by the Athenians out of the proceeds of spoil taken from the Peloponnesians and their allies. So said Pausanias, in the second century A.D., and so the inscription on the steps still bears testimony. But all further discovery has been checked hitherto by the existence of the modern village, which exactly covers the site of the ancient Delphi, so that fragments of theatre and temple and council chamber run through or underlie the walls of the houses. Now, at last, after long negotiations, it has been decided that the honour of excavating the most famous site in the Greek world shall belong to the French, whose Chamber has voted the sum of £20,000 demanded by the Greek Government as compensation for the removal of the village. Great efforts were made to secure the prize—a true Delphic laurel wreath, since nothing that is found can be taken out of Greece—for America, and the money was actually raised there by subscription. But the French, who had been first in the field, were also the first to lay the money on the table, and the work and the glory will be theirs. To no more competent hands, certainly, could the task have been entrusted than to those of M. Homolle, the present Director of the French School at Athens, who won his spurs as an excavator in Apollo's other chosen abode—the island of Delos. And yet it is a melancholy reflection for Englishmen—citizens of the richest State in the world—that neither by public grant nor by private subscription could so large a sum have been raised for an object of this kind, which could bring to the country glory indeed, but no material advantage whatsoever.

When I was at Delphi, as March was melting into April, the inhabitants were eager to know when the digging was to begin, and what was to become of them in the process. They showed no little pride, however, in the interest which their dwelling-place excited in the outside world, and the very boys

in the village, and a merry group of girls who were busy wheeling barrows of earth for the new road up from Delphi, we certainly saw enough to justify its reputation. The village itself, most picturesquely perched on a lofty spur of Parnassus, has quite an Alpine character, with its broad-roofed houses climbing up the steep slope. But to take in the full beauty of its situation one must go half a mile or so beyond, on the way to Livadia and Thebes, till another grassy spur runs across the path. From the southern verge of this promontory the view on both sides is superb. As we look back, the village seems to group itself around a steep pinnacle of rock, which rises in the midst and is crowned by a little white chapel. To the right the cliffs and still snow-clad shoulder of Parnassus tower to the sky. In the far distance we catch sight of snowy mountain peaks, which we know to be on the farther side of the Corinthian Gulf, whose waters shimmer below them. Helicon, streaked with snow and thickly scattered with pines, frowns on our left. Looking forwards, the narrow valley gradually opens out into a misty grey plain, beyond which again in the far distance rise mountains, conspicuous among which a well-marked dome is pointed out as Cithæron, on the borders of Boeotia and Attica, and visible from the Acropolis at Athens. In that plain, quite close to its farther mountain border, stood Plataea. In the same plain, though too far to the left to be in sight, we know that Thebes, Orchomenus, Leuctra, and Thebes stood also. What a lesson in geography, in history, such a view conveys! Only look at a map, and consider what it means to be told that from a point not half a day's journey from Delphi you can see, in one direction, the mountains of Achaia, and in the other, a mountain of which the farther side can be seen from Athens! It means not only that the atmosphere is of extraordinary clearness, but that Greece is a smaller country than can be understood from books alone.

Of the walk down from Delphi, through the olive woods in the Crissæan plain, the ground beneath the patriarchal trunks literally carpeted with anemones and fresh-sprung wheat; of the belated steamer which permitted an unthought-of visit to a delightful country town in another part of the plain, where we were so royally welcomed that gratitude and consideration for the kindly citizens forbid me to give its name; of the life and humours of the little port where we had to spend so many idle hours—I have left myself no room to speak. But I hope I have said enough to show that no traveller in Greece should lightly deny himself the pleasure of a visit to Delphi. The illustrations, reproduced from sketches by one of my fellow-travellers, will give an idea of native character and costume, which may be encountered by the way.



A POLICEMAN.

OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS.

V.

A Letter from Algernon Alfred Burnson, hair-dresser's assistant, to the Editor of the "Illustrated London News," concerning poetry.

Brixton, June 23.

Dear Sir,—I have often thought that the work of an editor must be peculiarly pleasant. It must be delightful to know how many people are charmed with the work of one's own organising. But I have also thought that the toil would probably be much easier if only every reader of your paper would write to you and tell you precisely what he likes and what he does not like. Then you would not have to conjecture what would or would not be popular. You would know for certain. You would thus be enabled to make the paper please absolutely everybody.

We take your paper in our saloon, and I read it attentively every week, and—you will pardon me for saying so—I think you want more poetry. You give us some occasionally, but not very much. Now, why is this? Is poetry dearer than prose or scarcer? Does it cost more to print it? Or is it that you yourself have not got the poetical spirit? The rest of the paper I like, with the exception of "Other People's Letters," which I have never read. No gentleman possibly could read letters which were not intended for him. Could you not devote that space to poetry? You see, my profession is peculiarly meditative. I stand in the saloon clipping and snipping mechanically, but my mind is far away. I am dreaming—dreaming. Sometimes I forgot the customer altogether; sometimes, in the excitement and exaltation of composition, I almost boil the poor head of the man I am shampooing, until his cries recall me once more to the horrible trivialities of existence. I have lost seventeen places by my absence of mind, induced by a devotion to poetry. I believe that there are many who are equally devoted, and would be only too pleased if you would give up five or six columns every week to poetry. If want of space prevents you, why not leave out a page or two of advertisements?

I do not wish to imply that advertisements never have any literary value. You have probably heard of our "Capillamort": a preparation for the prematurely bald. I dare say you, in common with the rest of the world, have often wondered who was the author of the poem in the advertisement of Capillamort, entitled "Rejuvenescence," commencing—

I needed not to part my hair,
I had no hair to part.

Sir, I am that author. I can, if you wish it, bring unimpeachable evidence of this.

Now, Sir, I saw the other day some verses in your columns by a Mr. George Meredith. I have nothing to say against them except that I have never heard the man's name before. If, as I imagine, he is a beginner, I hope he will persevere. He may do very well yet. But I think I should be quite safe in saying that for one person who has heard of this Mr. George Meredith, a thousand have read my poem in the advertisement of Capillamort.

It is not for me, of course, to point the moral of all this. If you care, however, to make me a really good offer, I might be able to consider it. I might be able to do you a poem or two every week—even three, if your terms are high enough. My poems are chiefly marked by actuality. They deal with realities. I have two sonnets, "Hollow Ground" and "Tor-toiseshell," which I could send you at once.

You must not think I am trying to teach you your own business. But lookers-on see most of the game, and I thought you might be thankful for a hint or two.—I am, Sir, yours to command.

A. A. BURNSON.



DELPHI.—AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. WALTER LEAF.

which, not by Greeks only, but by the pious or the superstitious all over the civilised world, was held in such high honour, and turned to again and again for counsel in the hour of perplexity.

Here, if anywhere, it may be said that "each old historic mountain inspiration breathes around." These cliffs are the Phædrades, the rocks "which shine in the sun"; the cleft is the Castalian Gorge, below which still gushes forth the sacred spring; above the cliffs tower the twin peaks of Parnassus; the mountain opposite winds round to the pine-clad heights of Helicon; the plain, which broadens to the sea, took its ancient name from the town of Crissa, and after many a struggle was held sacred to the use of the Delphic Oracle. Of the literary associations of the scene none comes more vividly home to one on the spot than that which is suggested by the "Ion" of Euripides. To read the introductory lines and the first chorus of that charming play under the very shadow of the cliffs, with the eagles wheeling to and fro overhead and the Castalian spring bubbling at one's feet, is an experience not soon to be forgotten. But, indeed, at Delphi, even more than at Olympia, the past, legendary and historic, as reflected in the pages of poet and annalist—be it Pindar, Euripides, Herodotus, or the later Plutarch—is so rich in memories that the mind is almost overwhelmed by the effort to recall them.



A PRIVATE OF THE GUARDS.

In a few months' time this quiet spot will be invaded by an

of the village were, if anything, too zealous to point out every trace of antiquity in the way of broken wall or fragmentary inscription. The dance they led us up and down the steep, narrow, winding and unclean streets was certainly not repaid by the results. It was at once pleasanter and more impressive to stand on the grassy Stadium where of old the Pythian games had collected many a brilliant assembly, or on the other side of the village to wander along the foot of the cliffs to the spot where Castalia, now sacred to the muse rather of cleanliness than of poesy, still breaks from the rock and makes its way into the valley below. A stroll at dusk along the rocky path towards Arachova, when the shrill tinkle from countless goats on the rocks above, answered incessantly by the deeper tones of the mule-bells below—as small companies of men and women toiled upwards from their day's work in the fields—filled the air with music, peacefully closed our first day at Delphi. There is now an excellent carriage road up to Delphi from Itea, the little port on the Corinthian Gulf which affords readiest access to this region. But he who would go on up the valley of the Pleistus to Arachova and beyond must either walk or ride, and more likely than not will ride on a Greek saddle. Only pad the wooden erection, however, with rugs and air cushion, and you will find it no great hardship to be carried irresponsibly onwards through delightful scenery.

Arachova is famous for the beauty of its women, and, to mention only a fine old dame who stood spinning at her doorway

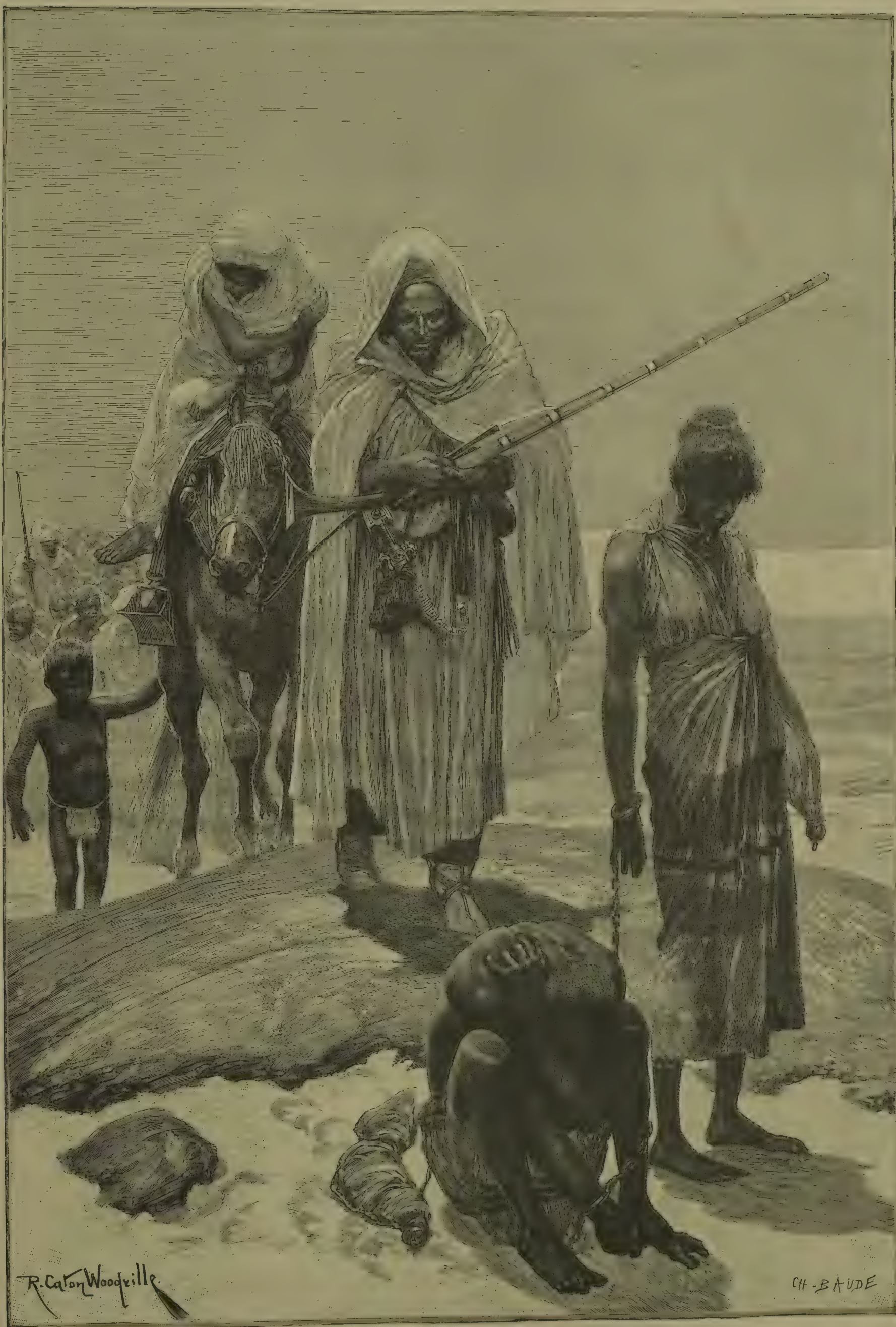


A SHEPHERD.



"FANNY BUNTER"—A CHARACTER IN "NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES."

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A.



MOROCCO SLAVE-TRADERS RETURNING FROM TIMBUCTOO.

LITERATURE.

THE POVERTY OF LONDON.

BY CLEMENTINA BLACK.

To draw a picture of the poverty of



MR. CHARLES BOOTH.

London, its extent, degree, and proportion, is no trifling enterprise, and this is the task which Mr. Charles Booth, who must not be confused with "General" Booth, has set himself. His first volume, published two years ago, dealt with East London only; his second*, issued now, deals with London at large. This wider canvas has necessitated the dropping of some details. It has not been possible to go so minutely into the statistics of occupation. On the other hand, certain points which could not well be dealt with in regard to a single district are now treated more or less exhaustively. Such are blocks of model dwellings, common lodging-houses, homeless men, and London children. The interesting question of the migration into London of the country-born is carefully carried on by Mr. H. Llewellyn Smith from the previous volume. The coloured map of the first volume, which showed in its varying tints the spread and degree of poverty throughout the district, is now extended to include the whole area. This map, with its different colours, from the black of semicriminal idleness and poverty, its blue, dark and light, of poverty more or less intense, its purple showing poverty mixed with something nearer prosperity, its comfortable pink, prosperous red, and wealthy yellow, is in itself a study; and when we follow up our contemplation by reading the 290 pages in which the various colours are explained and elucidated by an analysis of the families inhabiting seventy-five streets and eight blocks of dwellings, we begin to feel that we have some conception of the true aspect of the problem of poverty.

Mr. Booth divides the population of London into eight classes, thus: "A. The lowest classes—occasional labourers, loafers, and semicriminals. B. The very poor—casual labour, hand-to-mouth existence, chronic want. C and D. The poor—including alike those whose earnings are small because of irregularity of employment, and those whose work, though regular, is ill paid. E and F. The regularly employed and fairly paid working class of all grades. G and H. Lower and upper middle class, and all above this level." The streets and courts possessed wholly or mainly by Class A are coloured black, and the five of these selected for description belong to a little knot, already partly demolished, at the north-east end of Drury Lane. It happens that I myself once lived and worked in the very near neighbourhood of these streets. I had no personal acquaintance with the habitations, but I could not avoid having a good deal of acquaintance, whether I desired or no, with the manners and customs of the inhabitants; and both my own observations, and the accounts of working women who had been driven at various times to seek shelter in the common lodging-houses around Drury Lane, go to confirm the appalling picture here given. A good many of the dwellers in this area belonged to the lowest class of Irish: drunkenness, dirt, vice, and violence were the rule, and anything like decent living the exception. I venture to say that in no record of any savage country can be found a picture of life so horrible and so barbarous as that contained in pages forty-six to eighty-two of Mr. Booth's book. The life, indeed, is to a great extent that of which a corner was revealed to the public by the inquiries following the various Whitechapel murders. Several murders are recorded in these five streets, assault and robbery are everyday occurrences, drunkenness is almost universal—yet in the midst of this savagery we find this report: "One floor of No. 15 was occupied for twenty or thirty years by a Welshman, his wife and family, moral and industrious people. The children attended the ragged-school in Macklin Street for many years, and their prize cards hung still on the walls." It is obvious, however, that few decent people will live in such surroundings, and that a street which has once got into the hands of Class A is not likely to be reclaimed by anything short of total demolition. The dark-blue districts, though less vicious than the black ones, seem hardly less, and the light-blue and even the purple are not greatly more encouraging. The lives of all the dwellers in these streets are dogged by the shadow of uncertainty. A week's illness, or the ever-impending chance of being out of work, means shortness of food, perhaps loss of a home, and, very possibly, descent into the hopeless abysses. It is not till we reach classes E and F that we come to anything like sure footing and permanence. In and above class E lies civilised life, below it lie uncertainty, dirt, and unhealthy surroundings of all sorts. Happily, these classes—the regularly employed and fairly paid working people of all grades—comprise 51½ per cent. of the whole population of London. Classes G and H, ranging higher in the matter of income, furnish a further percentage of nearly eighteen. In short, rather more than sixty-nine persons in every hundred among us are living in comfort, while rather more than thirty in every hundred are living in poverty. Of these, twenty-two are poor and seven very poor, while not quite one person in every hundred belongs to the terrible minority of deleterious citizens who go to make up Class A.

The East End is not the abode either of the deepest or the most widespread poverty. This sorrowful eminence belongs to the desolate south side, where, in two blocks of about 30,000 souls each, the percentages of poverty run to nearly sixty-eight, and there is a similar block in the neighbourhood of Goswell Road which furnishes a percentage of over sixty.

As to the remedy for this condition of things, Mr. Booth shows the caution of a man acquainted with facts. He proposes to examine the effects of the agencies now at work, and gain, if possible, a clear view of what has been done, and is doing, to combat poverty. For himself he will only say, "I was indeed satisfied that the problem I sought to solve involved the divorce of poverty from industry, and it seemed that the attainment of this solution carried with it the elimination of Class B . . . industrially valueless as well as socially pernicious. . . . It is not expense which bars the way, but the difficulty of employing any means, or devising any scheme, which would not tend to increase the numbers to be dealt with." Meanwhile, every person to whom the problem seems important should study Mr. Booth's book. If it does not offer ready-made solutions, it at least stimulates thought.

NOVELS.

A Lady of My Own. By Helen Prothero Lewis. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—The lovely ideal figure of simple girlhood, unconsciously educated by the sights and sounds of rural nature to perfect grace and sweetness of life, is a charming conception in one of Wordsworth's most beautiful minor poems. We find a very different life-history, but a still nobler moral type, in the character of Persis, the young wife of Sir Rupert Mountstevens, the heroine of this novel. An inconsiderate marriage, accepted by her, with some misgivings of heart and conscience, to please her dying father, has bound this unhappy lady to a base and profligate ruffian, who soon begins to treat her with cruel and insolent neglect, adding the vice of drunkenness to that of shameless flirting, and worse infidelities, with other women. These painful experiences occur from day to day in a prolonged tour amid the sublime Dolomite mountain scenery of the Austro-Italian Tyrol, where the travelling party includes, rather by accident than by arrangement, young Leverton Shipley, brother of Persis; Mr. Douglas Moore, her first and worthiest lover; and a questionable enchantress, Dulcie Paget, accompanied by Theresa Wylde, the saddened victim of a family scandal, in which she was really innocent, but foolish and weak. Much dramatic interest accrues to the development of conflicting relations between these strangely assorted companions, and to the virtuous wife's gradual discovery of intrigues revealing her husband's past and present wickedness; reducing her to utter despair. The narrative of these is relieved by fine descriptions of subalpine highland and forest scenery, with an exactness of local details seldom observed in works of fiction. In the situation of Persis and Douglas, who are mutually aware that their old love for each other has revived, there is an element of moral danger; but her firm principles of womanly duty and honour, with his reverence for her character and the unselfishness of his manly compassion, restrain them from doing wrong. Persis not only forgives her faithless husband, but succeeds in reclaiming his vagrant affections, and returns with him to their home in England, where a fair prospect of domestic happiness is abruptly closed by her sudden death: she is struck by lightning in a lonely boat on the lake at Dunroby Park. It is to be hoped that Sir Rupert will henceforth be a good man; but we can hardly realise his continued identity through strange transformations of character, sentiments, and habits, as a good husband. All things are possible, no doubt, to the angelic influence of a namesake of the Greek Christian lady mentioned in St. Paul's Epistles.

Bertha's Earl. By Lady Lindsay. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—There is no manifest peculiarity in the figure of Lord Delachaine, who is "Bertha's Earl," to distinguish him from any other person's earl; being an elderly gentleman of quiet tastes and correct manners, hitherto living constantly with his mother and sister, happening to be a member of the Peerage and owner of a large estate. That he should take a fancy to marry a poor young lady artist, Miss Bertha Millings, whom he found dwelling in cheery Bohemian freedom at her studio with her younger sister Aggie, a frankly affectionate and frolicsome child, might seem odd to some of his own family and friends. But Lord Delachaine has his own way; and Bertha, soon made a countess, enters on the enjoyment of wealth and rank with as little romantic feeling, as small pretence of love-making, as the most commonplace person of her sex. Troubles begin with the hostile intrigues of Lady Theodosia, her husband's jealous and rather venomous sister, who lays snares for Bertha, slanders her virtue by a vile anonymous letter, and insidiously persuades the Earl, not a very wise man, that Bertha has compromised her wifely honour with Dr. Edward Jackson, an indiscreet young medical man, her previously rejected lover. Circumstances favouring this false suspicion are supplied by Lady Delachaine's hasty journey to Paris, accompanied by Dr. Jackson, to take care of her little sister in a reported dangerous illness at a French boarding-school. Her unpardonable rashness and neglect of proper arrangements in suddenly leaving her married home on this occasion, with her toleration of Dr. Jackson's unprofessional and ungentelemanly behaviour, naturally expose her ladyship to more grievous censure than she has really deserved. The result is a painful matrimonial estrangement, finally removed by the good offices of a generous friend, the Duchess of Baynham, whose irresistible kindness, liveliness, and social cleverness furnish the most agreeable part of the story. There is a sweet pathetic interest in this bright lady's devoted attachment to her own husband, a recluse literary student and a chronic invalid, employing himself in a translation of Dante. With this exception and that of the eminent artist Mr. Eldon, the male characters are deplorably below the mark of well-bred English manhood. The introduction of a vulgar snob like Mr. Bond, the scandal-writer of a "Society paper," among the guests at a nobleman's country-house, should be forbidden by likelihood while earls are gentlemen, as they and their associates, we presume, commonly are or should be. Bertha's Earl is a gentleman, but is otherwise a dull and feeble person.

He Fell Among Thieves. By D. Christie Murray and Henry Herman. (Macmillan).—The co-operation of these two clever storytellers has again produced a tale, in one volume, singularly ingenious in plot and in the rapid succession of incidents, but lacking the sympathetic interest that springs from a consistent development of individual characters. Harry Wynne, a careless young gentleman who gambles with sharpers at a disreputable London club, is cajoled by them into obtaining jewellery which he cannot pay for, and immediately pawning it for ready cash. This exposes him to a criminal prosecution, as his family, severe and niggardly elders of the aristocratic caste, believe him to have purchased the diamonds for a scandalous theatrical Circe, and refuse to lend him assistance, while they maliciously apply his disgrace to break off an engagement between him and his true love, Inthia Grey. He runs away to Bulgaria, at the outbreak of the last Russo-Turkish war; encounters a plausible adventurer called Ronald Morton; and, in a fight between Cossacks and Circassians, one of the Englishmen is killed, the other sorely wounded. Harry Wynne, the survivor, mistaken for Ronald Morton, thinks fit to assume this name, becomes a distinguished traveller, returns to England with a high social reputation, and is not recognised by his former friends. As Ronald Morton, however, originally William Reid, a notable criminal, dealer in forged bank-notes, and robber of the Paris mail, he is presently called upon to rejoin a felonious gang in London, consisting of two or three of the very card-sharpers and swindlers with the fashionable jeweller by whom Harry Wynne had been cheated and betrayed, their leader in manifold crimes being a dreadful scientific monster, a cripple, named Gilead Gilfoil. These villains do not know that the present Ronald Morton, whose name was formerly borne by their deceased accomplice, Willie Reid, is really Harry Wynne; so he is able to warn the police, to entrap them in their den, narrowly escaping death by a poisonous fluid ejected from a syringe. His character is now cleared, his family are reconciled; and, marrying Inthia Grey, he succeeds to an earldom, rich and happy for the rest of his life.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mrs. de Paravicini, the wife of one of the Fellows of Balliol, has nearly ready for publication what promises to be an extremely interesting volume on the history of the famous college, which in our own days has maintained a long supremacy among the ancient foundations of Oxford—at any rate, so far as the class-lists are concerned. The text is to be accompanied by illustrations.

Not a stone remains of the original college, which was founded more than six hundred years ago by the parents of John de Balliol, who fought Robert Bruce for the crown of Scotland. The original deed of gift, with its remarkable seal, is still preserved by the authorities, and will be described in Mrs. de Paravicini's book. Dame Devorgilla de Balliol seems to have been the leading spirit in the foundation of the college, but it is open to question whether this was intended to be signified by the devices of the worthy couple, that of the lady being arranged on the right hand and her husband's on the left.

Those who take pleasure in the unravelling of pseudonymous mysteries may be interested to learn that "Von Degen," the author of the clever story "A Mystery of the Campagna" (recently published in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Pseudonym Series"), is the wife of an officer in the Austrian Army and a sister of Mr. Marion Crawford, the popular novelist.

The French book of the week is likely to prove the "Lettres de Marie Bashkirtseff," which has just been published by Charpentier, with a preface by François Coppée, who has practically edited the volume. Even to those who at no time joined in the strange culte paid to the wayward Russian girl, these letters will prove of interest from the vivid side-light they throw on the literary and artistic Paris of the last fifteen years. Four curious portraits, two showing us Marie as a child of eight, are characteristic, and a long facsimile autograph letter is written in the loose, girlish handwriting affected by all Russian ladies.

It is well that Honoré de Balzac should at last have a statue in the Paris he loved and described so well. A site close to the Palais Royal and Théâtre Français has been given by the Municipality, and the Société des Gens de Lettres, enthused by their President, Emile Zola, has offered a grant of 32,000 francs towards the providing of a fitting monument.

Mrs. Alexander Ireland's introduction to the "Selections from Charles Reade" (published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus)



CHARLES READE.

takes the form of a lament over the neglect of Reade's genius by his critics. Mrs. Ireland is an enthusiastic advocate, but her logic has a purely feminine charm. She resents the charge of "staginess" against Reade's writing, and a few pages further on deplores his "theatrical habit of mind." Fiction, as Mrs. Ireland justly observes, "must sustain the calm consideration of the cultivated student." For this reason a place in the front rank of novelists is withheld from Charles Reade, despite the admirable qualities of his best work, because, in the main, he wrote melodrama. No novelist is less fitted to stand the test of "Selections." Taken out of the current of vivid and pictorial narrative, and judged by detached passages as a master of style, philosophy, and facts, Reade makes rather an indifferent figure. Facts, though Mrs. Ireland may not know it, were his bane as an artist, for they turned him into a sentimental pamphleteer, whose laboriously gathered infomation has no permanent interest.

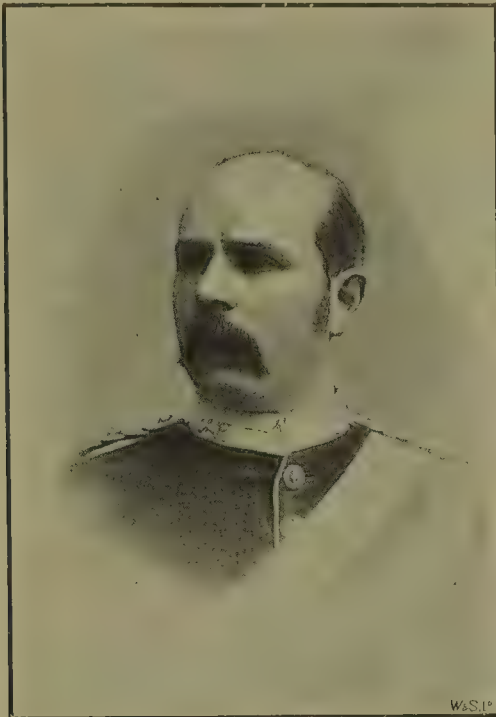
It rarely happens that a lawyer obtains promotion by writing a novel. There is an instance, however. The late C. F. Trower, so well known by his archaeological work, was bitten early in his professional studies by the idea of the fusion of law and equity. He put this forward in a novel called "Hutspot," which attracted the attention of Lord Chancellor Westbury, who appointed Trower to the congenial post of Secretary of Presentations.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS TO HAND.—"Letters of John Keats to his Family and Friends," edited by Sidney Colvin (Macmillan); "Dante and His Ideal," by Herbert Baynes (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.); "Climber's Guide to the Eastern Pennine Alps," by William Martin Conway (T. Fisher Unwin); "Quand on Aime," by Pierre Maël (Firmin-Didot, Paris); "Boston," by Henry Cabot Lodge, *Historic Towns Series* (Longmans); "Sketches of Village Buildings," by James Williams, Architect, with Notes (R. Bentley and Son); "Footsteps of Fate," by Louis Couperus, *International Library* (W. Heinemann); "The Three Miss Kings: A Novel," by Ada Cambridge (W. Heinemann); "Home Hints and What to Have for Breakfast, Dinner, Tea, and Supper," by Mary Bulwer (Simpkin and Marshall); "Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland," by John Sinclair (Simpkin and Marshall); "A Guide to Books," by E. B. Sargent and Bernhard Whishaw (Henry Frowde, Amen Corner); "Little Folks," a Magazine for the Young, *Midsummer Volume* (Cassells); "Elsa: A Novel," by E. McQueen Gray (Methuen and Co.); "Rifle Brigade Chronicle for 1890," compiled and edited by Captain Willoughby Verner (R. H. Porter, 18, Princes Street, Cavendish Square); "The Volunteer Question: A Volume of Prize Essays" (Edward Stanford); "Modern Men," by a Modern Maid (Field and Tuer); "My First Curacy," by the Rev. Sydney Mostyn (Simpkin and Marshall); "Lays of a Lazy Lawyer," by Al-So (Simpkin and Marshall); "The Peak of Derbyshire: Its Scenery and Antiquities," by John Leyland (Seeley and Co.); "Baseball," by Newton Crane (G. Bell and Sons); "The Handbook to the Rivers and Broads of Norfolk and Suffolk," by G. Christopher Davies (Jarrold and Sons); "Teaching in Three Continents," by W. Calton Grasby (Cassells); "The Law of Landed Property: Landlord and Tenant," expressly adapted for country gentlemen (Ward and Lock); "Letters to Living Artists" (Elkin Mathews); "Caesar's Column: A Sensational Story of the Twentieth Century," by Edmund Boisgilbert (Ward and Lock); "The County Council Year-Book, 1891" (T. B. Browne, 163, Queen Victoria Street).

* *Labour and Life of the People.* Edited by Charles Booth. Vol. II. Williams and Norgate.

ROTHERHAM AND ITS NEW PUBLIC PARK.

The large town of Rotherham, in Yorkshire, six miles north-east of Sheffield, stands at the confluence of the Rother with the Don; and, together with Masborough, its manufacturing suburb across the river, has a considerable trade, besides the corn, cattle, sheep, and horse market. Its historical renown is not so great as that of some other Yorkshire towns, but it possesses a stately architectural ornament in the Church of All Saints, a very fine edifice of the Perpendicular style, partly built, the nave, the upper portion of the tower, and the spire, by Archbishop Thomas Scott, usually called from his birthplace "Archbishop Rotherham," who occupied the See of York during the last twenty years of the fifteenth century. This prelate also founded, in his native town, the "College of Jesus" for a provost, ten fellows, and sixteen choristers, of which no trace remains; a small wayside chapel, on the old bridge, is of some



MR. W. L. B. HIRST,
CHAIRMAN OF GENERAL PURPOSES AND PARKS COMMITTEE

antiquarian interest. Bishop Sanderson, whose life was written by Isaac Walton, was also born at Rotherham.

Rotherham possesses the advantage of several important staple trades. It is the home of the stove, grate, and brass manufactures. The iron and steel industries also flourish here extensively. There are large potteries, and glass and chemical works. The Bessemer process of making steel is carried on in this town, and finds employment for a great number of men in the various manufactures allied to that process. The South Yorkshire coalfield lies all around the town, and Rotherham can fairly claim a share in the honour of being the metropolis of that important branch of trade. There are three railway-stations in the borough—the Central (Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire), the terminus of the Midland, Sheffield, and Rotherham branch, and the main line station of that company at Masborough. The River Don Company's canal runs through the town.

Wentworth Woodhouse, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, four miles west of Rotherham, is a fine mansion, built early in the



ALDERMAN GEORGE NEILL,
MAYOR OF ROTTERHAM.

eighteenth century by the first Marquis of Rockingham, on the site of the old house that had once belonged to his famous ancestor, Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, who was beheaded for treason, by order of the Parliament, in the reign of Charles I. Sir Thomas Wentworth, second Baronet, allied by marriage to the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland, and to Holles, Earl of Clare, entered the House of Commons in 1620, as member for Yorkshire; assumed a leading part, with Hampden and others, in the legal and constitutional struggle for English political liberties, refusing to pay the tax called "ship-money" and going to prison for that cause; but soon, from motives of personal ambition, deserted his party and betrayed his country, became the instrument and agent of arbitrary royal power, accepted a peerage, obtained the government of half England as "Lord President of the North," was rewarded with great estates, and in 1640 was created Earl of Strafford and appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, where his oppressive and extortionate rule provoked the most terrible of Irish rebellions, and he then conspired with King Charles to bring an Irish army over to England to destroy our Parliament and our ancient freedom, and to establish a despotic tyranny. For these crimes, by a just and righteous sentence, which the King himself was obliged to sign, Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1641; but his masterful will and great practical ability have fascinated the imagination of some historical writers and sentimental biographers, and his portrait, by Vandyck, still at Wentworth Woodhouse, esteemed one of the finest works of that painter, is often regarded as that of a hero. The two ancient families of Wentworth and Fitzwilliam were of importance in Yorkshire from the time of Henry III., and, these having intermarried, the Wentworth estates, which had been restored after the attainder of Strafford, and had been enjoyed by the first and second Marquises of Rockingham—the former being twice Prime Minister in George the Third's reign—passed to Earl Fitzwilliam. Charles

Wentworth, third Baron Rockingham and first Marquis, was the friend and patron of Edmund Burke. The fourth Earl Fitzwilliam, who inherited the Wentworth property from his mother, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at a most critical period in Irish history before the Union, and was recalled, by a fatal intrigue, to prevent the execution of intended measures of Liberal policy, the consequence of which act was the Irish rebellion of 1798. The present Earl, sixth peer of this title, was born in 1815, is a Knight of the Garter, and Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire. His park at Wentworth Woodhouse is a beautiful place of lawns and woods, with a large sheet of water; the house, with a front 600 ft. long and a central portico, contains grand apartments and valuable collections of pictures. Here the Prince of Wales was entertained as a guest, upon the occasion of his opening the Rotherham new public park



MR. H. H. HICKMOTT,
TOWN CLERK.

on Thursday, June 25, of which there will be some further notice.

The acquisition of this great boon to a populous industrial town is mainly due to the efforts of the Mayor, Alderman George Neill, Mr. W. L. B. Hirst, Chairman of the General Purposes and Parks Committee of the Town Council, and Mr. H. H. Hickmott, the Town Clerk. Before the purchase of Clifton Estate, indeed, there was a public park of twenty-two acres, excellent in respect of situation, beauty of arrangement, and artistic cultivation. Besides this, in celebration of the Jubilee of her Majesty's reign, a recreation ground of ten acres was purchased and laid out at Masborough. Clifton Park, on the Doncaster road within five minutes' walk of the centre of Rotherham, is fifty-four acres of delightful pleasure-ground, with avenues of noble forest-trees, beech, oak, elm, horse-chestnut, sycamore, and others, besides clumps of yew and holly, and scarlet-flowering thorns, all fully grown. It contains a mansion-house of stone, built in 1785 by Mr. Joshua Walker, and bought by the late Mr. William Owen, whose



WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE, THE SEAT OF EARL FITZWILLIAM, K.G., VISITED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO ROTTERHAM.



VIEW IN CLIFTON PARK.

executors have sold the estate to the corporation for £22,500. Some gardening improvements have been made by the borough surveyor, Mr. George Jennings, and Mr. H. Albiston is appointed park curator. There is an interesting grotto, or artificial cave, adorned with geological specimens worthy of preservation. The corporation will raise a loan of £4800 to complete the intended works in this new public park. The house is in perfect repair, and well arranged. It is erected on the most elevated portion of the ground, and there is a commanding view of the whole of the park and surrounding country. The ground plan gives the following rooms: Outer hall, inner hall, dining-room, and to the left of these, study, library, and drawing-room, and to the right are housekeeper's room, kitchen-pantry, butler's pantry, bake-house, servants' hall, dairy, wash-kitchen, and there is an open court and coach-house, and stores for sundries and coal. The doors of the rooms are of solid mahogany, very massive; the floors of the staircase and halls consist of Derbyshire marble. The mansion also has out-offices, stables, carriage-houses, vineries, green-houses, peach-house, potting and other glass houses, and gardens. The principal gates to the park are at the junction of Doncaster Road and Clifton Lane, and halfway along Doncaster Road there is another entrance, with a "bird-cage lodge" for the park-keeper.



THE HOUSE IN CLIFTON PARK.



CLIFTON PARK.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO ROTHERHAM.



FROM JEST—
A FOOL AND HIS FOLLY.



TO EARNEST.
A FOOL AND HIS FOLLY.

DRAWN BY S. T. DADD.

AN INDIAN VICEROY.

To the admirable series which he entitles "Rulers of India," Sir W. W. Hunter has added, from his own pen, a monograph on "The Earl of Mayo." It is written, we need hardly say, with all that fullness of knowledge which one would expect from Sir W. W. Hunter. It is written, moreover, with a fervour of enthusiasm which shows how deeply he loved the man, and how highly he appreciated the ruler. To a considerable extent, it is based, of course, upon the larger biography which Sir W. W. Hunter published, in two volumes, some fifteen or sixteen years ago; but it also contains new matter, gathered from official records, and has the advantage of presenting its author's latest conclusions and revised judgments. We may therefore expect that it will be accepted by the public as the most convenient and authoritative source from which they can desire information of the personal characteristics of Lord Mayo and the principal features of his government.

Lord Mayo, as most people know, was selected by Lord Beaconsfield to succeed Sir John (afterwards Lord) Lawrence in the Indian Viceroyalty in 1868. The appointment caused not only surprise but a very general and profound dissatisfaction. He was then about forty-four years of age; and, as the Hon. Richard Bourke, Lord Naas, and Earl of Mayo, had enjoyed a Parliamentary and official experience, which his biographer thus sums up: "During his twenty-one years of Parliamentary life (1847-1868) Lord Mayo had spoken upwards of 140 times, filled the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland thrice, prepared and introduced 36 Bills, and carried 33 Acts to completion through the House. His 133 principal speeches fill 524 columns of Hansard, and deal with every subject connected with the administration of his native country." But he had failed, either by his Bills, his Acts, or his speeches to produce any strong impression on the House or the public. He was admitted to have been a fairly efficient Irish Secretary—the office, in those happier days, was neither so prominent nor so arduous as it is in our own—but that he possessed any of the qualities essential to success in the most responsible and brilliant position under the British Crown—the great Indian Proconsulship, as it is sometimes classically but not altogether correctly described—few, perhaps, even of his own colleagues believed, except the Prime Minister who had chosen him for it. A storm of criticism was levelled both at the Minister and his nominee; and many bitter things were said, which those who said them were afterwards glad to retract.

It can hardly be said that at the time they were altogether to blame; though they might perhaps have remembered that similar criticisms passed on very similar appointments had not been justified by the event. Neither Lord Dalhousie nor Lord Canning had given unmistakable proofs of the force of will and greatness of character which they displayed in office. It had not been our custom to send our greatest statesmen across the sea: nor do we know that they had expressed any wish to be sent, except in the case of George Canning. But the men we had sent had, with one or two exceptions, done their duty well, and some had done it supremely well; and Lord Mayo's critics might have been generous enough to hope that in his case the result would be the same. High responsibilities have a tendency to bring out a man's latent powers, if he be really anything more than a sham: he rises to his work, and as he gains confidence in himself and his resources shows himself equal to each pressing need. It is probable that we should never have known all Earl Canning's greatness—it is almost certain we should never have known what statesman-like stuff there was in Lord Mayo—had he not been called to govern India. And besides, if we cannot get our first-rate men to transfer themselves from Westminster to Calcutta, we must be content with politicians of inferior calibre. There is much in the position to attract, no doubt; but it has its drawbacks. Four or five years of autocracy might seem a prospect to dazzle, to fascinate, the most eager ambition: but the autocracy is now cribbed and confined by the telegraph wire, and unless a great war or great mutiny break out, the autocrat becomes almost invisible to the British public. The man in the street, it is probable, could not tell you the name of the present Viceroy. Then, again, to say nothing of the strain on the constitution, on the physical and mental energies, there is the flat, almost shabby, ending to the brilliant drama—a step in the Peerage, and a subordinate position in the political world at home. Our wits have often jested at the deplorable change undergone by London's Lord Mayor on vacating the civic chair—to-day rejoicing in all the pomp and circumstance of official dignity, to-morrow a plain London citizen; but what is this to the revolution experienced by a retired Indian Viceroy?

Lord Mayo arrived at Calcutta on Jan. 12, 1869. His premature death took place on Feb. 8, 1872. In the three intervening years he refuted most successfully the unfavourable predictions of his assailants. By his singular intellectual largeness, and by the moral force of his character, he contrived to attach to himself the feudatory princes of India in an unprecedented manner. He was not less successful in securing the love and confidence of the Indian peoples. As an administrator he was singularly efficient. Both his home and foreign policy will bear the test of the sharpest scrutiny. He settled the external relations of the empire on a peaceful basis. He reorganised the finances, and where he found a chronic deficit he left a firmly established surplus. Economy and efficiency—a combination which we hear so often on the lips of our Governors—was with Lord Mayo an inflexible principle. In his internal administration his one steady aim was to decentralise and yet consolidate. It might seem that a system of decentralisation is irreconcilable with a system of consolidation, but not so from Lord Mayo's point of view; for, while providing for provincial initiative and provincial responsibility, he was careful to maintain a strong and firm central control. "He felt," says his biographer, "that the problem of problems in India is to bind together the provinces in a true and not a fictitious unity; not indeed as homogeneous portions of a nation, but as integral parts of an empire."

Early in 1872, Lord Mayo left Calcutta on his cold-weather tour. His purpose was first to visit Burmah, next to call at the Andamans on the return passage across the Bay of Bengal, and then to inspect the Province of Orissa. After completing his work in Burmah, he cast anchor off Hopetown, in the Andamans—an Indian convict settlement—and landed there on Feb. 8. Business details were attended to, and then Lord Mayo ascended Mount Harriet, to enjoy the view of the sunset across the Indian Ocean. On his way back, though he was carefully guarded, a convict, who lay hidden behind a heap of stones, contrived to fling himself on the unfortunate Viceroy, and stab him in the back. It was a mortal wound, and Lord Mayo died before his attendants could get him on board the frigate which had conveyed him thither. "The passionate outburst of grief and wrath which then shook India, the slow military pomp of the slain Viceroy's re-entry into his capital, the uncontrollable fits of weeping in the chamber where he lay in state, the long voyage of the mourning ship, and the solemn ceremonial with which Ireland received home her dead son—all these were fitting at the time, and are past."

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The publication of Archbishop Tait's Life has brought out a good many stories, one of which is given by the *Guardian*. When Mr. Gladstone appointed the present Bishop of Lincoln to the chair of Pastoral Theology, Archbishop Tait, horrified at the elevation of a Ritualist, wrote a letter of urgent remonstrance. Mr. Gladstone's reply did not encourage a repetition of the attempt.

The leading Church paper speaks of the Archbishop with great frankness. It describes him as "a dull, and a very dull, preacher, especially when 'confined to the paper.' . . . It is impossible for any instructed critic to say that he was in any intelligible sense a Churchman. He was a devout believer in Establishment and an Erastian to the backbone." Justice is done to the Archbishop's physical and moral courage and his deep and consistent piety.

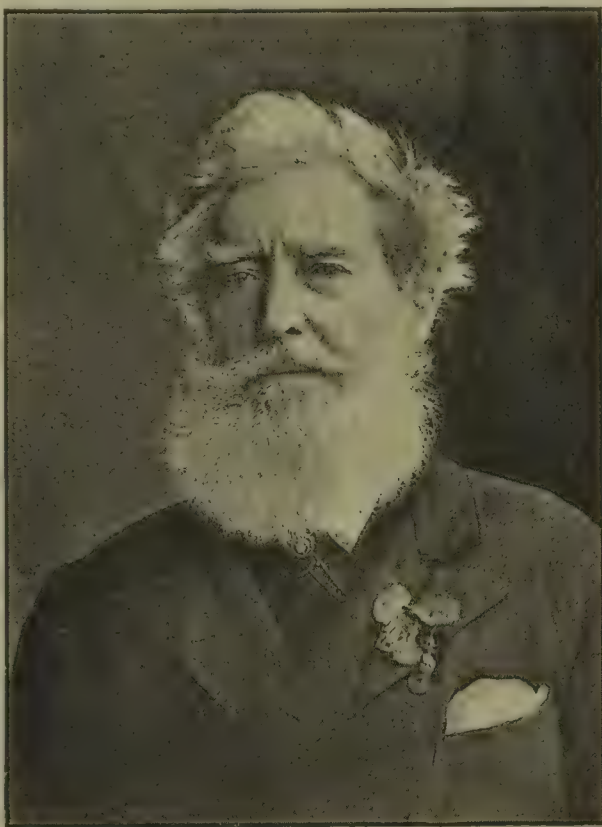
In his sermon at the opening of the Scotch General Assembly, which has been published, A. K. H. B., the well-known essayist, thus addressed his brethren: "Do you remember the sentence in which good Archbishop Tait spoke of his wife and himself?—*Always in the enjoyment of ample means*. We read the words quietly said. And if the Primate remembered how much better off he was than most, he did not say so. Other truths come into our quiet life (if it be a quiet life), but here is the great one."

I have the best authority for saying that steps are being taken to prepare a new Hymnbook for the evangelical section of the Church of England, and that the project meets with the approval of some leading members of the party.

Dr. Forrest's appointment to the Deanery of Worcester gives Bishop Perowne a congenial colleague, and makes the see distinctly evangelical—Canon Knox-Little being almost the only prominent High Churchman. But Dr. Forrest is much nearer the High Church party than when he came to London.

THE LATE O'GORMAN MAHON, M.P.

The death of this fine specimen of the old Irish country gentry, bearing one of the ancient courtesy titles, now very rare, traditionally ascribed to direct representatives of the romantic



THE LATE O'GORMAN MAHON.

chieftainship of Irish or Scottish clans, was noticed last week, duly appreciating his characteristic personal qualities. Colonel James Patrick O'Gorman Mahon, born in 1802, was son of Mr. Patrick Mahon and of Barbara, daughter and heiress of "The O'Gorman," whose lineage dates—if its date be not lost in remote antiquity—from the Celtic aristocracy of Ireland long before the Norman invasion. He was educated at Trinity College, University of Dublin, took his M.A. degree, and was called to the Bar, resided at Mahonburgh, in county Clare, married Miss O'Brien, of Dublin, was a militia officer, and in 1830 was elected M.P. for the county, but represented Ennis from 1847 to 1852, was again chosen for Clare in 1879, and since 1886 has sat for Carlow. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. T. Russell and Sons, London.

About two thousand volumes have been collected in Carlisle as a free lending library for the clergy of the Archdeaconry. They are not exclusively theological: there is a large proportion of works of history, poetry, biography, and other subjects. The books have been housed, by permission of the Dean and Chapter, in one of their large rooms in Carlisle formerly used as a schoolroom. Would it not be better to connect these clerical libraries (which are very much required) with the cathedrals of dioceses?

The late Mr. F. Calvert, Q.C., brother of Sir Harry Verney, was so earnest a supporter of Church schools that after Mr. Forster's Education Bill of 1870 he separated himself from the Liberal Party. His last public act was to go down from London to vote at the late election in North Bucks. He regarded this as a solemn public duty; but he was very unfit for the exertion, and died a few days after. The incident, in all the circumstances, was a very pathetic one.

Lord Randolph Churchill's first letter to the *Daily Graphic* on his Mashonaland trip takes us only as far as Madeira, but it is interesting as indicating that there were reasons for his journey other than the guineas of a bountiful newspaper. The politics of the hour, he tells us, have no attractions for him, and the principal measure of the Government he dislikes intensely. Then he is a shareholder in the Chartered Company, and has a great belief in the resources of South Africa, "and I thought," he concludes, "that the day might not be distant when it might be useful and beneficial that a member of Parliament might be able to offer to the House of Commons opinions and arguments based upon personal inspection and actual experience of these localities."

UNMUSICAL ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWES, M.A.

It is my painful duty to reiterate from time to time, more in sorrow than in anger, the unpopular truth—which, I think, I was the first to formulate in "Music and Morals"—that "the English are not a musical people." So far from the question being threshed out, it is as hotly argued as ever on both sides as soon as the ball is set rolling. To start it now may be premature. It may be said to belong to the "big gooseberry" and the "domestic servant grievance" season. But no matter: I am not going to bring any heavy artillery to bear, and nothing likely to weary the reader. I have observed that modern naval warfare consists in swiftly putting in a shot or igniting an explosive here and there and running away. The great thing is to run away before you get blown up yourself. I am just going to light a few explosives and decamp. These explosives are facts. When sentiment has exhausted itself, when pride or prejudice have had their say, facts remain, and so it is with reference to the musical character of our great people. I gave some offence the other day by saying that so long as we English chose to go into dinner to the sound of a gong we could not be called a musical people. The vendors of dinner-gongs, I am told, began to tremble. They are in no danger; our people will "gong on." They even regard my accusation as a vexatious or nonsensical piece of penny-aling; they can't even see or hear that a gong is so discordant a thing as to be agony to a musical organisation. The gong vendors need not fear. There are not musicians enough in London, let alone the provinces, to create a public opinion against the use of Chinese dinner-gongs. The few that hear and feel suffer in silence. Well, let the gong glide.

I come to the street piano. I was at Brighton the other day for my health; but, for my sins, a vile loud piano began grinding in the busy street outside. It was atrociously flat, and discordant to a degree. Happy tourists came to their lodging-house windows and smiled approvingly, a little group gathered round the infernal machine, and some even competed for the privilege of turning the handle. The hardened fiend whose business it was to conduct this, to me, musical torture had, of course, been long insensible to the pain he inflicted on all those (few in number, apparently) blessed or cursed with a musical ear. I, too, sat at the open window. I saw the people give him coppers. There was no redress. There was no public opinion; I should have been hooted if I had protested or even asked them to move on, and so this vile outrage on music went through to the bitter end of the purgatorial piano barrel.

Well, let the bands and the organs glide. My dear, proud, musical people, you do not show to advantage in the streets—let me get you under cover. I won't dwell now upon what goes on at musical "At homes"—where our musical critical faculty exhibits itself, as Matt Arnold used to say, in all its "captivating nudity." I won't remind my readers how any pretty girl with a voice like a peacock and a radically defective ear will command the silence and win the applause of a room full of averagely cultured people, who cannot be got to cease talking two minutes for any pianist in the world. But I will speak of what goes on at select places when people come together to listen to select performances.

I was the other day at a great concert given by a great violinist at St. James's Hall. The violinist was applauded—people came there for that purpose. An exquisite song of Schumann's was exquisitely sung, but created no effect. Another song of no special merit was poorly sung, but the singer had a high, a very high (I wish it had been an impossibly high) note, which she sported at the end with a regular squeal like a pig in *extremis*. She was encored rapturously. *Tailà!*

Good people, you know no better; but do not call yourselves musical.

I was at Rossini's "Stabat Mater," also at St. James's Hall. If there is one thing the English hear more often than another it is Rossini's "Stabat Mater." They may be supposed to know it by this time, if they know anything. If there is one favourite piece, it is the "Cujus animam" (I have heard it on the street organs; it has also been turned into a waltz!). At the close of "Cujus animam" there is an exquisite phrase or two—just a few bars, which, in the ears of musicians who appreciate the Italian school, is worth the whole song. With the singer's last note on that special occasion (and I appeal to concert-goers whether the practice is not frequent) down came the applause, and that exquisitely harmonious close was completely drowned! Dear people, you knew no better—the singing man had done, and you did not care for the finishing off—good!—but do not call yourselves musical.

I attended a Monday Pop. It was in the palmy days of Joachim and Madame Schumann. Sims Reeves was announced. Maud was going to come into the garden again that night. I sat rather low down, behind two respectably dressed men—one had evidently brought the other "to hear Sims Reeves." Madame Schumann was playing her husband's sublime piano-forte quartet. The friend listened respectfully at first, but at last he whispered to his companion—

"Why don't he come on?"

"Who?"

"Why, Sims Reeves."

"Oh, wait a bit!"

So he waited. The second movement began; the third—

"I say, why are they allowed to go on all this time?"

"Well, I don't quite know; wait a bit."

Close, amid some applause—in which our friends do not join heartily.

Then follows a violoncello sonata by Piatti and Madame Schumann.

"Where's Reeves?"

"Oh, he ain't quite ready; so they've sent these two on to make a noise—keep it up, you know—till Reeves comes. They ain't of no account, you know: wait a bit!"

So at last Sims Reeves comes on, and is received with salvoes in which our friends join heartily. It was a night when Reeves saved himself—opened his mouth—phrased perfectly. But evidently there was not enough for our friends' money. One or two chest notes at the end, and all was over! Blank disappointment—yea, disapproval!

"Well, that's a jolly sell! Come on! I wish we'd gone to the Hoxford!" And off they went.

Now these men are merely representative of another vast section of our musical people. No; you can tap society at almost any level, and while everywhere you will find a minority—a growing one, I hope—who are willing to pay for and to listen to good music, and have some idea of the difference between good and bad music, you will not find the upper ten or the middle class or the mass of the people instinctively musical, or generally appreciative of anything except what is banal in sentiment or bacchanalian in tone.

Art and Music say what we will, are exotics. They are the luxuries, not the necessities, of English life, got from abroad like Paris bonnets. Our popular applications of both are deplorable. The art of our streets is atrocious—so is the music of our music-halls. What shall we say when national art culminates in the Dragon at Temple Bar, and national music in the "Bogie Man"?

CHIESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

There is not a word of this that runs counter to any reasonable expectation, but yet it will be a deep disappointment, and it exposes a great difficulty. Block-dwellings of various kinds are being built in all directions; and as the small houses in crowded neighbourhoods are cleared away at a great rate the poor have a daily narrowing choice of habourage. To these barracks they must go, many of them, whatever their preferences, or their conviction that home is impossible in such abodes. Now, it is not beyond imagination that they would have been all the better for no change; as, indeed, most "practical persons" averred they would be. And had that been the case, the housing-of-the-poor difficulty would not have been absolutely insuperable. The sinking of a few millions in "original outlay" (after the manner of the London County Council, which has just sunk a hundred thousand pounds irretrievably in that way), and a corresponding adoption of Socialist principles for the benefit of certain of the population, would have done the business. But if it turns out that the more the poor are forced to live in these homeless dwellings the less likely are they to rise from degradation—the more likely, indeed, to sink into corruption—what is the remedy then?

CHIESS.

12. Kt takes R	Kt takes Kt	25. B to Q ^d B sq	Q ^d to Q ^d B 7th
13. Q takes Q B P	R to Q Kt sq	Drawn Game.	

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Lord Tennyson travelled from Freshwater, Isle of Wight, to Haslemere, on June 19, accompanied by Lady Tennyson and the Hon. Hallam Tennyson. The Poet Laureate will spend some time in his Surrey home.

CHIESS.

12. Kt takes R	Kt takes Kt	25. B to Q ^d B sq	Q ^d to Q ^d B 7th
13. Q takes Q B P	R to Q Kt sq	Drawn Game.	

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is gracious and kind of the Princess of Wales to initiate an Army subscription for a presentation to the heroine of Manipur, Mrs. Grimwood. She is now only twenty-two, and the heroic calm and unselfish devotion that she displayed, while in circumstances of terrible peril and while shaken by her husband's tragic murder, deserve honour and commemoration. But why should this be accomplished by a subscription? Why, indeed, is the fountain of honour not opened by a woman sovereign to her sex on so appropriate an occasion? The Victoria Cross, though very rarely given to civilians, is not forbidden to them; and the proud decoration "For Valour" well befits this brave girl's breast.

Has a wife a right to any time to herself? Or should she be always "on duty," from waking to bedtime all the year round? The strike fever is so very infectious just at present that one never knows where it will break out next, and all classes of employers must ponder their ways. Men do not now realise, it seems, that though domestic duties (like all other business) are very important, the worker ought to be *done with* the work sometimes. Even among the fairly wealthy there are thousands of wives who never have a real holiday from housekeeping. They "go away," it is true, but the children and the servants go along also, and the lady keeps the house, orders the dinners, supervises the domestics, and cares for the children all the year round without a break. In a poorer class it is even worse. Here is Deacon Tuppeney, for instance—the Congregationalist who has sued his pastor for libel in a Church conclave—posing as a martyr because his wife went to a French class twice a week, "which kept her out from half past seven to ten, while he had to stop in to mind the baby." Then there is the funny fact that certain laundresses' husbands went to the recent washerwomen's demonstration, and pathetically explained that their wives could not come "because they had to mind the babies, the crèches being closed on Sunday." Although it was the women's affair, and the women worked terribly hard all the week, these men never thought of the necessity for giving their wives the afternoon's freedom, at a little sacrifice of their own time. "Woman's work is never done"; but in this revolutionary age we never know what fresh and extraordinary demands may be formulated by classes of labourers; and perhaps, one of these days, we may even see the difficult situation of a general strike of wives, with picketing and demonstrations and collecting-boxes.

In America, notwithstanding the greater scarcity of domestic servants, married women appear to be far more apt to take interest in external affairs than they are here. Ladies' clubs are to be found in nearly all the good-sized villages. They are better managed than they have ever been here—in fact, they are really educational societies rather than mere clubs. Democratic unexclusiveness prevails, and so the social element is strong. Moreover, literature and culture generally are provided for among these ladies by discussions and essay-

writing, and sometimes by classes. Many of the so-called clubs only meet periodically (weekly or fortnightly) in the members' own houses, each lady inviting the others in turn. Some have no subscription apart from this obligation to give hospitality on occasion. Others, however, hire club-rooms, and one, the Woman's Club of San Francisco, has a subscription of the imposing sum of five guineas a year.

There are no fewer than one hundred and eight clubs in the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which held its annual meeting in May at Orange, New Jersey. About a hundred delegates, mainly club presidents, attended; nearly all of them were married women. Mrs. Edison, wife of the inventor, gave the delegates a reception and a luncheon. It is charming to hear how feminine prettiness and womanly wit irradiated the whole proceedings. The floral "favours" presented to the delegates were of lilies-of-the-valley and buttercups—white, the colour of the federation; and orange, that of the hostesses. Mrs. Edison had decorated her large and beautiful home with the same colours. Orange and white orchids hung from the ceilings; daisies, lilies-of-the-valley, white roses, white carnations and hydrangeas were intermixed with laburnum and yellow nasturtiums and roses on every mantel-piece and stand. The centrepiece of the table was a great sphinx carved in clear ice, and a sphinx was embroidered with white on each yellow satin menu. That ancient mystic figure forms the device of the Orange Woman's Club, the explanation being that "the sphinx is the incarnation of our ideal: only as we have the heart of a lion in the breast of a woman—only as we unite strength and courage with beauty and womanliness—are we worthy of our age."

The ladies' toast-list at their luncheon was as follows: "Our Guests," "Sister Clubs," "Absent Members," "Club Anniversary Meetings," "Our Sisters without Clubs," "The Other Half of Humanity," "Our Daughters and Our Homes," and "Our Hosts." No man was present, but Mr. Edison responded for his share in the last toast through a loud-speaking phonograph. One cannot help thinking that such circles as these clubs in reality are might be formed with advantage in many English provincial towns and large villages; starting with the fundamental ideas of the kinship of women—the need of woman's sympathy with all her sex—and of the desirability of cultivating wider ideas in the mind than "the three D's"—Dress, Domestics, and Diseases—which a satirist of our own sex has declared to form the sole subjects of our conversation when we are left to ourselves.

The City Corporation have resolved that a bust of the late Sir R. N. Fowler, M.P., be executed in marble, at a cost not exceeding £250, to be placed in the Art Gallery at Guildhall.

Presenting the annual budget of the London School Board on June 18, Sir Richard Temple stated that the estimated expenditure for 1891-2 was £1,969,674. He added that while the rateable value of the Metropolis had increased since 1886 by 8 per cent., the expenditure of the Board had increased by 30 per cent.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1889), with a codicil (dated April 22, 1891), of Mr. Arthur Cobbett, late of Firfield, Weybridge, Surrey, who died on May 8, was proved on June 10 by Arthur Rathbone Cobbett and William Vines Hoit Cobbett, the sons, and Charles Harris Warren, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £101,000. The testator bequeaths an immediate legacy of £109, and all his linen, china, glass, wines, consumable stores, horses, carriages, and outdoor effects to his wife, Mrs. Betsy Cobbett; and there are one or two other specific bequests. The remainder of his furniture, plate, and effects, and his leasehold residence, Firfield, he gives to his wife, for life; he also gives her an annuity of £1000. There are legacies to his unmarried daughters and to servants, and contingent legacies to his two younger sons. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares, excepting that the share of his son Arthur Rathbone is to be £5000 less than the share of each of his other children, in consequence of the provision already made for him.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated June 24, 1880), with two codicils (dated March 20, 1888, and Jan. 10, 1891), of Mr. Thomas Dunlop Findlay, merchant, of 146, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, residing at Bonnington, Lanark, who died on April 30, granted to Robert Elmsall Findlay, the nephew, and Robert Findlay, Captain Neil Douglas Findlay, R.A., and George Douglas Findlay, the sons, the executors-nominate, was sealed in London on June 4, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £102,000.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1891), with a codicil (dated April 17 following), of Mrs. Mary Ann Dawson, late of 11, Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, who died on May 9, was proved on June 6 by Benjamin Dawson, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £70,000. The testatrix appoints £3532 Two-and-Three-Quarter per Cent. Stock, upon trust, for Sarah Jane Craven, for life, and then for her daughter Edith Craven; and £7064 of the same stock, upon trust, for Mrs. Hannah Mary Porritt, for life, and then for her children. She bequeaths £7000, upon trust, for her niece Ada Mary Hurst Moeller, for life, and then for her children; £10,000, upon trust, for her niece Rosa Ann Appleyard, for life, and then for her children; £500 each to the Samaritan Hospital for Women and Children (Marylebone Road), the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney Heath), the Children's Hospital (Great Ormond Street), and the Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease (Queen's Square); and other legacies. As to the residue of her estate, she gives one fifth each to Herbert Thomas Porritt, Frederick Porritt, and Benjamin Dawson; one fifth to the children of the late John Dawson; and one fifth to the children of her said niece Rosa Ann Appleyard.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1888), with a codicil (dated April 11, 1890), of Mr. Charles Etty, formerly of the Island

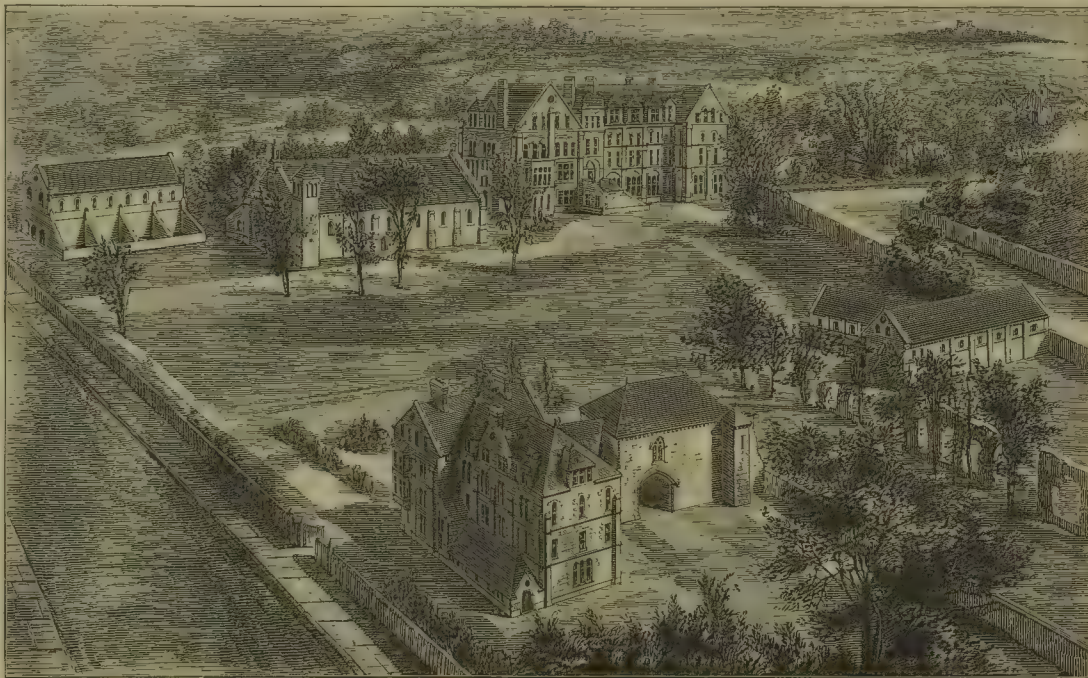
DOVER COLLEGE.

The annexed woodcut is a view of the principal buildings of Dover College—the ancient buildings are the "Norman Hall" (A.D. 1130), the Chapel (13th Century), and the Gateway (14th Century). The modern buildings consist of three boarding houses, a gymnasium, laboratory and workshop, class-rooms, and five courts. The boarding houses have been built with the most careful regard for the requirements of health, and a peculiar feature of the arrangements is that each boy has a separate bedroom.

Dover College was founded to supply a sound education of a high order on moderate terms, and is open to boarders and day boys. The education given is of the highest character, and during the past year pupils have obtained open scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge, others obtained the fifth, seventh, and seventeenth places for Woolwich, while others again were successful in the "Sandhurst" and other public examinations. Great attention is given to modern requirements; modern languages, natural science, music, drawing, and shorthand are taught with a thoroughness which a few years ago was quite unknown in any public school. There is a junior school, in which young

boys are thoroughly grounded. A large proportion of the boys who have distinguished themselves entered the College quite young.

The College grounds are about four acres in extent, and there is besides a large cricket field at a short distance from the College, and the pupils have always been famous for their success in athletic games. It is one of the few public schools whose old boys keep up a club in London, and the "Old Doverians" have successfully maintained the good name of the College in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis.



DOVER COLLEGE.

The College has never suffered from any of the complaints which spring from insanitary conditions. Dover itself is one of the healthiest towns on the South Coast, and the College stands on rising ground in the environs. The climate of Dover is dry and tonic, and few places in England have so much sunshine and so little rain. The bathing at Dover is very good, both in the sea and the large swimming baths which have lately been erected.

The staff of the College consists of highly qualified graduates of English and Continental Universities. The Head Master is the Rev. William Bell, M.A.; the Honorary Secretary is E. W. Knockner, Esq., Town Clerk of Dover; the Bursar is Major-General Eteson, from all of whom information with regard to the College can be obtained.

55 PRIZE MEDALS awarded to J. S. FRY & SONS.

FRY'S PURE Concentrated COCOA

This choice Cocoa is exceedingly Soluble and easily digested. It makes an agreeable thin drink, and is a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper.

LANCET.—"Pure, and very soluble."

MEDICAL TIMES.—"Eminently suitable for Invalids."

Sir C. A. CAMERON.—"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

President Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL, LONDON, & SYDNEY.



"HAVE A CUP WITH ME."

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

USEFUL TO FIREMEN.

Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell-street and Wilson-street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes:—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

MR. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes:— "Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot in the night; it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about 7 o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ mile for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until 5 o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace. "About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.

From "Victoria," "The Strongest Lady in the World."

"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes:— "Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman. "For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes:— "The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

SPRAINS AND STIFFNESS.

H. J. BURDEN, Esq., Peckham Harriers' Hon. Sec., writes:— "Used your Universal Embrocation for some time, and find it invaluable for sprains and stiffness."

ACCIDENT.

From the Jackey Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victoria' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

CYCLING.

From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



FOR ACHES AND PAINS!

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING."

ONE SHILLING AND THREE HALFPENCE.

"And it I will have, or I will have none." *Taming of the Shrew, Act IV. Sc. 3*

MAPPIN & WEBB'S STERLING SILVER & PRINCE'S PLATE

"Highest attainable quality." "Unequalled for hard wear."



Sterling Silver Bowl and Spoon, Handsomely Chased and Fluted, in Morocco Case, £4 10s.



Registered "Princess" Tea Service, with Two China Cups and Saucers, Two Spoons, and Sugar Tongs. Complete in Case, Sterling Silver .. £11 11 Prince's Plate .. £5 5 0
Teapot only .. 5 5 .. 1 11 6
Sugar Basin and Tongs .. 1 15 .. 0 10 6
Cream Jug .. 1 5 .. 0 10 6

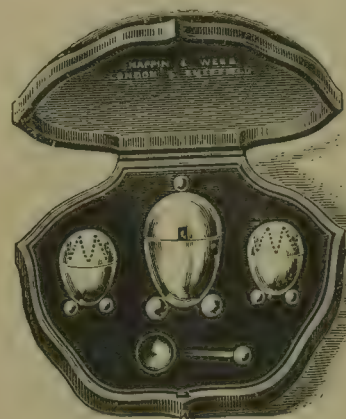


Four Chased Solid Silver Salts and Spoons, in rich Morocco Case, lined Silk, rustic design, £3 15s. Six in Case, £5 15s.

Goods sent to the Country on Approval.



Two Solid Silver Escalloped Butter Shells and Two Knives, in Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet .. £4 5s. One Shell and Knife, in Case .. £2 5s.



Two Solid Silver Muffineers, Mustard Pot, and Spoon, in best Morocco Case, £2 10s.; Prince's Plate, £1 5s.



Massive Sterling Silver Sugar Bowl and Sifter, beautifully Chased, Gilt inside, after Briot, in best Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £7.



Registered Design. Six Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case, £1 11s. 6d. Solid Silver, £2 10s.

THE POULTRY, E.C. (Opposite the Mansion House) & 158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., W., LONDON. Manufacture: Royal Plate & Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

of Java, sugar-planter, who died on May 18 at 13, Cottman Street, Kingston-upon-Hull, was proved on June 13 by Thomas Ety, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £64,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Hull General Infirmary, £50 to the Victoria Children's Hospital (Hull), and numerous legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Ety, Thomas Charles Ety, and Charles Ety.

The will (dated March 19, 1889) of Mrs. Louisa Caroline Wigney, late of Bear Hill, Twyford, Berks, who died on April 18, has been proved by Lewis Paxton Walsh and Hugh Owen Tudor, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for her cousin Fanny Walsh, for life, and then for the sons of her cousin Mrs. Jessie Holt; £5000, upon trust, for her cousin Mrs. Jessie Holt, for life, and then for her daughters; and numerous pecuniary and specific legacies. She also bequeaths £1000 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, to build and keep up a life-boat to be called "The Louisa"; £2000 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of the parish of Wargrave, the income to be applied for the benefit of the deserving poor people of that parish; £250 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of the parish of Weybridge, the income to be applied for the benefit of the aged poor people of that parish and in keeping in repair the tomb of the Walsh family; and £100 to be applied in placing a stained-glass window in the parish church of Wargrave in memory of her family and herself, if she has not placed one there in her lifetime. The residue of her property she gives to the said Lewis Paxton Walsh.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1877), with a codicil (dated Jan. 29, 1891), of Mr. Charles Aldenburgh Bentinck, J.P., late of Indio, in the parish of Bovey Tracey, Devonshire, who died on Feb. 7, was proved on June 9 by Mrs. Frances Bentinck, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testator devises the mansion-house and estate of Indio, the estate of Wifford, the manor of Bovey Tracey, and all other his manors, freehold land, estate, and hereditaments to the use of his wife for life, with remainder to the use of his son Henry Aldenburgh, for life, with remainder to his first and every other son successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail. His copyhold and leasehold property he leaves upon trusts corresponding to the uses declared of his real estate. His furniture, plate, pictures, books, and effects he bequeaths, upon trust, for the use of the person entitled to his settled estate. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his said son.

The will (dated March 7, 1891) of Mr. George Edward Chadwick, late of Ferndale, Bold, Lancashire, who died on April 25 at Blackpool, was proved at the Liverpool District Registry by Charles Edward Hindley, James Warburton, and John Burgess, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £27,000. The testator bequeaths £5500 and his furniture, farming stock, and effects to his stepmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Chadwick; £1000 to his sister-in-law, Hannah Chadwick; £2000 each to his half-sister, Eliza Ann Turnbull, and his brother-in-law, Charles Edward Hindley; £500 to his father-in-law, James Warburton; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews and nieces—John Chadwick, Mary Hindley, John Chadwick Hindley and William Henry Chadwick Hindley, and Herbert Turnbull, Emma Turnbull, and Mabel Thomasine Turnbull, the children of his said half-sister, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1889) of Mr. Samuel Webster, late of Bramham Lodge, Tadcaster, Yorkshire, who died on March 29, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on May 20 by Charles Shaw Tinker, the nephew, and Charles Lupton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testator bequeaths £300 and all his household goods, furniture, plate, pictures, books, wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages to his daughter, Helen Agnes; and £500 to his said nephew, Mr. Tinker. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter, for life, and then for her children or remoter issue as she shall appoint.

The will (dated June 4, 1889) of General Michael William Smith, C.B., formerly of 53, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, and late of 11, Medina Villas, Hove, Sussex, who died on April 18, was proved on June 1 by Major William Whitmore Smith, the son, and Walter David Davies, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £14,000. The testator leaves £200 to his wife; and the residue of his estate, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, and then for his two children, as she shall appoint. In default of any such appointment the said residue is to go to his two children equally.

The will and codicil of Captain Theodore Williams, J.P., formerly of the 10th Hussars, and of her Majesty's Royal Body Guard, late of Heatherslaw House, Clarendale, Northumberland, who died on March 5, were proved on June 9 by William Jones Armstrong, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £8431.

The will (dated April 4, 1891) of Mr. John Dando Sedding, architect, late of 417, Oxford Street, and of The Croft, West Wickham, who died on April 7 at Winsford, Somersetshire, was proved on June 8 by the Rev. Edward Francis Russell and Oswald Auchinlech Browne, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5049. The testator wills and bequeaths all his property whatsoever to his wife absolutely, and, as this lady has since died, the property passes under her will.

The will and codicil of Mr. John Witherington Peers, late of Chislehampton House, Oxfordshire, and of Wendover, Bucks, who died on April 1, were proved on June 6 by Lyttleton Ety, and Gervase Frederick Mathew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3412.

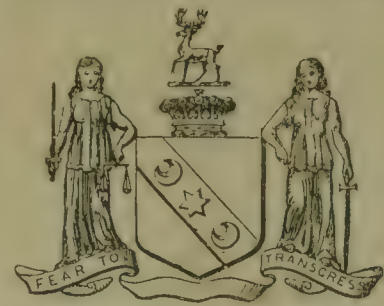
The Bordeaux omnibus and tramcar men, fired, no doubt, by the example of their colleagues in Paris and Lyons, have gone on strike for shorter hours and increased wages. But they are considerably more troublesome than the Paris and Lyons men, and disturbances of a somewhat serious character have taken place. Order could only be restored by the combined action of the police and military forces. A number of heads were broken, and a few cars were upset and wrecked by the strikers, assisted by the mob.

Fräulein Helene Hortung, a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of a wealthy and distinguished resident of Rummelsburg, a suburb of Berlin, has just committed suicide under most romantic circumstances. She rushed from a ball-room in which a select party was assembled, ran down the street in all possible haste, and jumped into a lake, where she was drowned. Six or seven ladies and gentlemen followed her, shouting after her, entreating her to return. The girl was in full ball toilet. She had an altercation with the gentleman to whom she was engaged in the ball-room, became hysterical, and ran off with the expressed intention of drowning herself.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF CLONMELL.

The Right Hon. John Henry Reginald Scott, fourth Earl of Clonmell, Viscount Clonmell and Baron Earlsfort; died at his London residence, 3, St. James's Place, on June 22, aged fifty-two. He succeeded to the family honours at the decease of his father, John Henry, third earl, in 1866, was formerly a lieutenant in the Life Guards, and was elected a representative peer for Ireland in 1874. His lordship was a magistrate and a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Kildare. Having died unmarried, he is succeeded by his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Charles Scott, late Rifle Brigade, at one time aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, born Aug. 18, 1840.



SIR PRESCOTT HEWETT, BART.

Sir Prescott Gardiner Hewett, Bart., of Chesterfield Street, Hanover Square, in the county of Middlesex, died at his residence, Chestnut Lodge, Horsham, Sussex, on June 19. The deceased baronet was born July 3, 1812, the son of the late Mr. W. N. W. Hewett of Bilham Hall, near Doncaster. He was educated at the Ecole de Médecine, Paris, and St. George's Hospital, London, and achieved great celebrity in his practice as a surgeon, on his retirement from which he was honoured with the dignity of the baronetage for his "high professional character and distinction." He has filled the positions of consulting-surgeon to St. George's Hospital, president and professor of anatomy and surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons, president of the Clinical and of the Pathological Societies of London, and was Serjeant-Surgeon to the Queen and Surgeon-in-Ordinary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Sir Prescott, who has contributed some valuable works and papers to surgical literature, and was foreign correspondent of the Académie de Médecine de France and the Société de Chirurgie de Paris, was a fellow of the Royal Society, of the College of Surgeons, and other learned bodies. He married, Sept. 13, 1849, Sarah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Joseph Cowell, Vicar of Todmorden, Lancashire, and is succeeded by his only son, Harry Hammerton Hewett, born Dec. 16, 1853.



MR. RICHARD STACPOOLE.

Mr. Richard Stacpoole, D.L. and J.P., of Edenvale, in the county of Clare, died on June 16. He was born Aug. 19, 1828, the eldest surviving son of the late Mr. Richard J. Delazouche Stacpool of Edenvale, by Jane, his wife, daughter of Mr. Andrew Stacpoole of Ballyalla, in the county of Clare. Mr. Stacpoole married, on Aug. 19, 1868, Alice Julia, youngest daughter of Mr. John Westropp of Altyflin Park, in the county of Limerick, and leaves, with other issue, a son, Richard John, born May 7, 1870. He served as High Sheriff for the county of Clare in 1864.

WEDDING
AND OTHER PRESENTS.

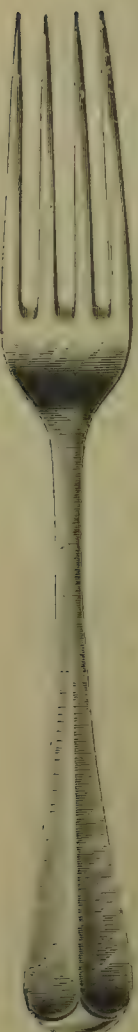
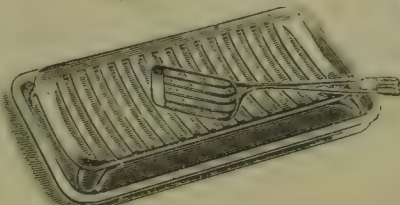
MAPPIN BROTHERS

(THE ORIGINAL FIRM, ESTABLISHED 1810.)

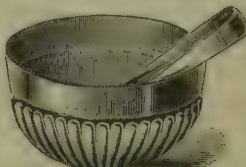
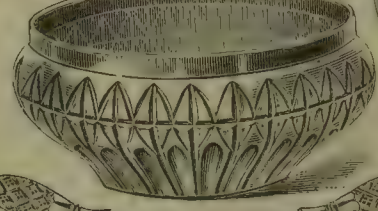
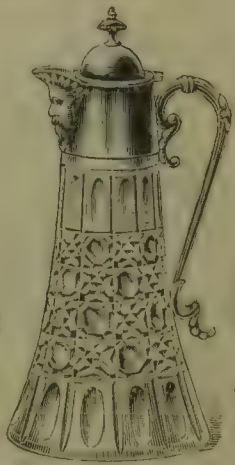
Only London Show Rooms

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66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Next Sir John Bennett's.)

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OUTFITS OF
CUTLERY, SILVER, PLATE,
&c.Solid Silver Chased and
Plated Cream Jug,
25s.A 1 Electro-Plated Asparagus Dish, with Drainer and
server, complete, 8s.REPAIRS, RE-PLATING,
AND RE-BLADING AT
MODERATE COST.MAPPIN BROTHERS'
Table Forks, Electro-
Plated on Superfine Hard
White Nickel Silver.
Price List Post Free.Cut Glass Claret Jug,
with Solid Silver
Mount, 25s.

MAPPIN BROTHERS' Table Knives, with finest double-shear Steel Blades and Solid Ivory Handles, 24s. per dozen.

A 1 Electro-Plated Sugar Bowl,
with Tongs, complete, 9s. 6d.A 1 Electro-Plated Butter Dish,
with Cut-Glass Lining, 21s.A 1 Electro-Plated
Cruet, complete,
with Spoons,
12s. 6d.Cut Glass Salad Bowl, with A 1 Electro-Plated Mount,
complete with Servers to match, 36s.Goods Forwarded
to the Country for
Approval.ILLUSTRATED
PRICE LISTS
POST FREE.A 1 Electro-Plate
Tea Pot .. £3 5 0
Coffee Pot .. 3 10 0
Sugar Basin .. 1 10 0
Cream Jug .. 1 4 0
Kettle 6 0 0TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE AND KETTLE.
MAPPIN BROTHERS' NEW DESIGN OF FLUTING.Solid Silver
Tea Pot £9 5 0
Coffee Pot 10 5 0
Sugar Basin 3 10 0
Cream Jug 2 15 0
Kettle 19 10 0Cut-Glass Claret Jug, with
A 1 Electro-Plated Mount,
25s.MAPPIN BROTHERS'
Table Spoons, Electro-
plated on Superfine
Hard White Nickel
Silver.
Price List Post Free.

"A reputation of 80 years for high quality and low prices."

CAUTION.—MAPPIN BROTHERS' Goods can ONLY be obtained at

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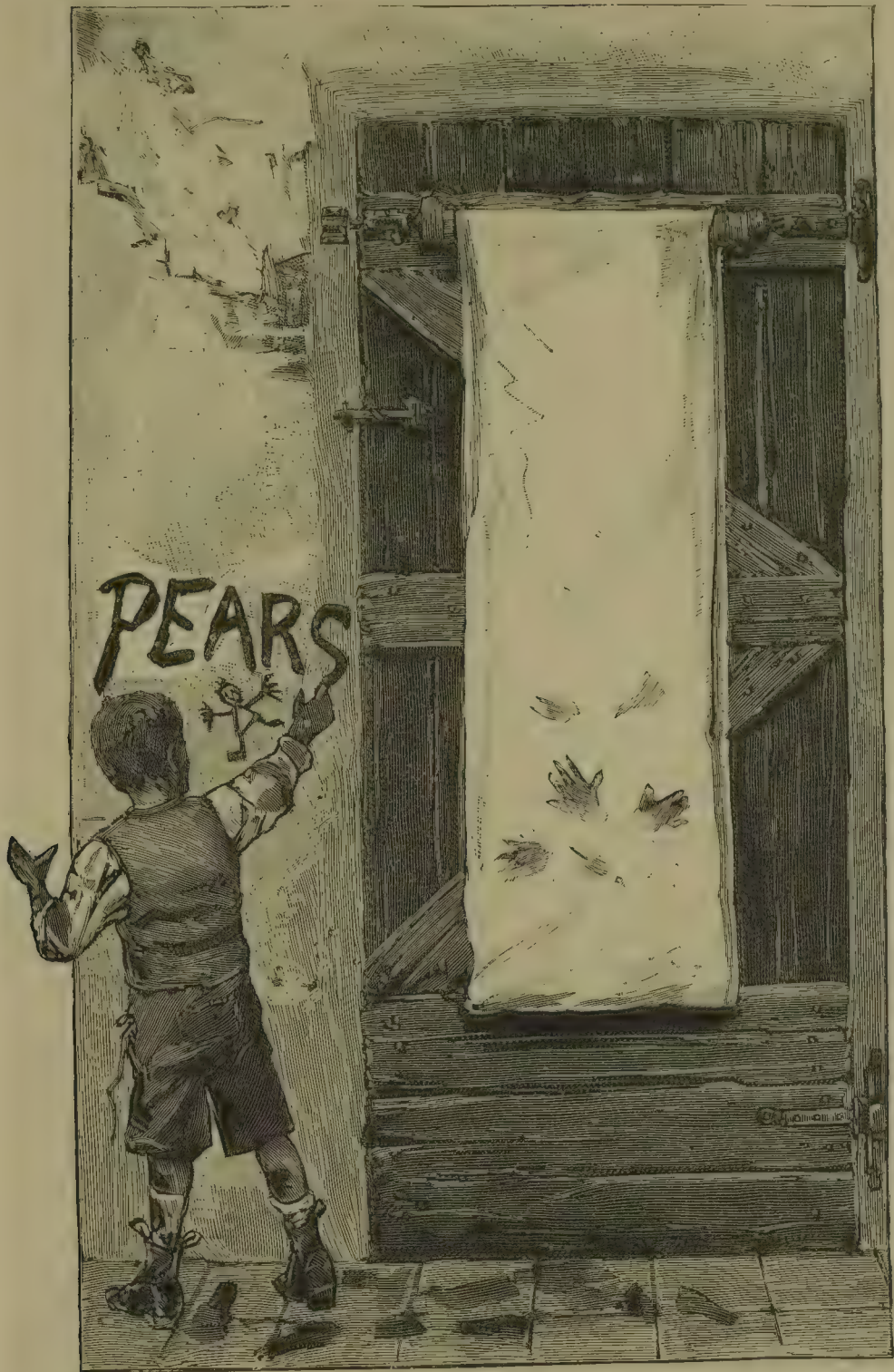
THE SENIOR SURGEON,
St. John's Hospital for the Skin,
LONDON,
MR. JOHN L. MILTON,

IN HIS WORK ON

"THE HYGIENE OF THE SKIN," writes:—



"A LADY wants no other cosmetic than Pears' Soap, but one caution is absolutely necessary from a hygienic point of view. It is a notorious fact that Pears' Soap is sold at a very small profit (I think not more than about one half-penny per tablet) on the wholesale cost price, consequently, one or other of the many soaps in the market (on the sale of which a profit of threepence or fourpence per tablet may be made) is sometimes either substituted or recommended to the buyer as "just as good," "equally pure," &c., &c., &c., the real object of the dealer, of course, being simply to obtain the greater profit by the sale of the inferior article which he recommends or attempts to substitute. Patients should, therefore, insist on having what they ask for, otherwise they may find that, instead of being served with a genuine soap, they have had an article of most inferior quality foisted upon them; **SOMETHING WORSE THAN WORTHLESS**, calculated only to set up heat, redness, irritation, and general unsightliness of the skin."



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

However true it may be that we have no new plays worth speaking of, certainly not enough of them to keep our countless theatres in full swing, it cannot be said that there is any dearth of new actresses. There is a positive mania just now on the part of highly educated and remarkably gifted young ladies for adopting the stage as a profession. I hear of these clever girls banding themselves together, and living anxious lives in London waiting for their chance of distinction. I know that they scrape every farthing together that they can obtain by hook or by crook in order that they may arrange a matinée in the wild hope of attracting the attention of a manager. I confess, with mingled feelings, that they come to me and ask my advice and implore me to tell them how to get on and what to do, and I need scarcely add they never take the advice when it is given, or dream of following it. They have made up their minds before they come, and have not the slightest idea of altering their original intention. You might as well try to knock down a brick wall as tell a girl that she is foolish to enter an overstocked profession. If a man comes to you and asks your advice about marrying a certain woman, you may be sure that he has got the license in his pocket. If a woman comes to you and asks your advice about going on the stage, you will be her enemy for life if you ask her to pause and reflect.

This week has seen the advance of no less than three actresses, and they are actresses who have got over the most tedious part of their artistic journey, and are in comparatively smooth water. The rough edges have been knocked off. They have had practice, a measure of experience, and every one of the three is qualified for the profession she has adopted. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who played Rosalind, is the most ambitious. She determined to stand or fall by her venture. Regardless of the fact that Ada Rehan has been recently with us and shown us an ideal Rosalind, enchanting in comedy and passionate in love, Mrs. Campbell drew a bow at a venture and gave us the whole of Shakspeare's play on one of the hottest of June afternoons. The lady has remarkable intelligence, a winning voice, with just the suspicion of an accent—due to her Italian origin—and a fine stage presence. Although Mrs. Campbell has played Helen very admirably, and on that account should understand comedy, she was far more successful in the dramatic than in the comedy scenes of Shakspeare's pastoral. The scene of banishment was finely played, every passionate scene was attacked with vigour, and though the

nervousness wore off, and Rosalind was herself again at the end of the play, and particularly at the epilogue, still I could not help thinking that on the whole Juliet would suit the new actress better than Rosalind. She has had an excellent training in Shakspeare and old comedy in Mr. Ben Greet's company, and if it turns out that her part in the new Adelphi play is a strong one, I should say that the Messrs. Gatti had made an excellent engagement.

Miss Dorothy Dorr was not so lucky as Mrs. Patrick Campbell. She had no Shakspeare to interpret, but only a weak and very commonplace little play. Mrs. Musgrave's "Dick Wilder" is creditable, no doubt, for an amateur, but the heroine of it is not exactly the tonic required by an actress so capable, so intelligent, and so beautiful as Miss Dorothy Dorr. She wants far better work than that. I am given to understand that this interesting young lady, who is bound to come to the front, was a pupil at one of the best American dramatic academies, and has been well grounded in her art. There is not a trace of what we call an "American accent." She speaks English as purely as any actress on the stage. She has that best of gifts, a musical voice, a rarely expressive face, and, above all, the courage to abandon herself to the passion and tempest of a scene. The majority of our actresses are frightened to let themselves go, and, when they do, cannot pull themselves together again. They have no discipline. There is a true ring in the emotion of Miss Dorothy Dorr, and she has surely that almost divine gift of "tears in the voice." When the happy day comes for this clever lady to get hold of a good play, she will astonish her audience. There were moments when Mrs. Patrick Campbell reminded me of Adelaide Neilson; there were moments in Miss Dorothy Dorr's performance when my mind went back to old Haymarket days and Nelly Moore. I only hope that both will turn out to be as good as their predecessors.

The third actress was Miss Lilian Revell, who, in the matter of a play, was even worse treated than Miss Dorothy Dorr. She enacted the heroine of a curious muddle called "A Golden Sorrow"; and how any clever girl could select such a play and such a heroine passes my comprehension. She had positively nothing whatever to do but to go in and out of doors while the author was preaching on the stage. She had no scene of any moment, no dramatic opportunity, and all that the expert could see was that the young lady is tall, very graceful, has a charming voice, and is evidently intelligent. But to say as yet how far she will be successful, or what she can do, or what power is in her, is a matter of impossibility—except, of course, to her somewhat injudicious friends.

On the strength of Miss Lilian Revell's début, so unfortunate for her, we have been treated to a homily on acting and to a lecture on the unintelligence of the modern theatre by Mr. Grant Allen, who belongs to what used to be called the "cocksure school." He seems to think that because a girl has been at Gorton, and is cultivated, an acute reasoner, a keen psychologist, a metaphysical thinker, and a quick thought-reader, that, therefore, she must be a good actress. It surely does not follow. As well insist that every senior wrangler or first-class Oxford man must be as acute a student of natural history as Mr. Grant Allen. The gifts of Miss Revell, of which the critic who watches her performance must be in profound ignorance, may no doubt help her in her career, but they cannot by any possibility determine it. How could it possibly give additional interest to Miss Lilian Revell's Ophelia to know from private sources that she could read the "Antigone" in the original Greek, or had mastered the binomial theorem?

Mr. Grant Allen and his earnest and well-meaning friends have got it into their heads that the modern theatre is a slough of despond, and that art is to be lifted out of it by Miss Alma Murray, Miss Elizabeth Robins, and the schoolgirls of Gorton. I admire immensely the talent of all of them, but I could wish that Mr. Grant Allen and the Ibsenites could have studied more deeply the question which they discuss so glibly. If I were to lecture Mr. Grant Allen about bees or wasps or butterflies, he would most probably consider me a very ignorant and, no doubt, an impertinent person. Is it fair, then, to discuss the "Thinking Theatre" in a quarter-column letter, to dismiss as untrue the conspicuous advance of dramatic art in the course of the last twenty-five years, and to imply that three ladies who are attached to Ibsen are the only actresses who have any brains at all? And then there is that dreadful bogey-word "melodrama." It is as bad as the old woman's "Mesopotamia." Where is the "slough of mere melodrama" of which Mr. Grant Allen and his friends complain? Why don't they point it out? Why don't they own, as they should own if they knew anything about the subject, that—gradually, it is true—our authors are advancing as well as our artists? Immense progress has been made even in the last two seasons, and not at all with the aid of this clique or that, this secret society or the other. Besides, if a schoolboy *tu quoque* were permissible, why did Miss Lilian Revell, the psychologist, the thinker, the Gorton student, and the thought-reader, appear in one of the worst, most vulgar, and unintellectual of modern matinée plays? This clever young lady might at least have practised what her friends preach.

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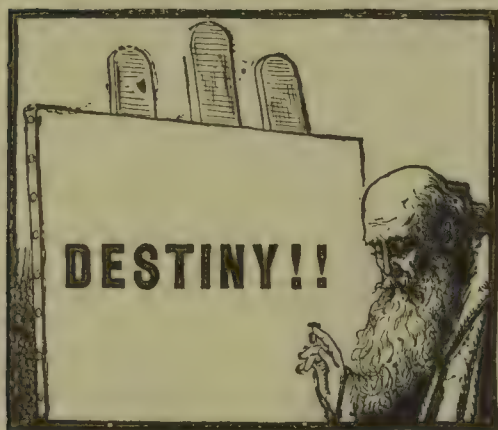
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The Grand HOTEL KURSAAL, Maloja, open from June to September. Magnificent establishment, with high comfort, 30 beds. Spacious saloons, lawn-tennis court, pavilions and shelters, glass-covered galleries, lift, band, electric light, dark-room for photographers, boating, climbing, picnics; best system of ventilation, heating; and English system of drainage. English and Catholic Churches. Residing Physician, Dr. M. G. Foster, M.A., M.B. For terms and further particulars apply to MANAGER.

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BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS

From Victoria and London Bridge Termini.

Also Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison Road).

Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday

From Victoria 10 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

Cheap 10s. 6d. First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday.

Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

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Pullman Cars run in London and Brighton Fast Trains.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, and EASTBOURNE.—Every Weekday, Cheap Fast

Trains from Victoria, 8.10 a.m. and 9.50 a.m.; London Bridge, 8.5 a.m. and 9.45 a.m.; New Cross, 8.10 a.m. and 9.50 a.m.; East

Croydon, 8.30 a.m. and 10.15 a.m.; Kensington (Addison Road), 9.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Returning by any

Train the same day.

Every Sunday Special Fast Trains from London Bridge, 9.25 a.m.; New Cross, 9.20 a.m.; Victoria, 9.25 a.m.; Kensington (Addison Road), 9.10 a.m.; Clapham Junction, 9.30 a.m.; and East Croydon, 9.50 a.m. Returning by certain Evening Trains

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Special Day Return Tickets, 15s., 10s. 6d., and 6s.

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CHEAP FAST TRAINS by the New Direct Route, from Victoria, 9.30 a.m.; Kensington (Addison Road), 9.10 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge, 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon. Returning by any Train same day.

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Improved Fixed Express Service (Weekdays and Sundays).

London to Paris (1, 2, 3 Class). Paris to London (1, 2, 3 Class).

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London Bridge (City) 9 p.m. arr. London Bridge (City) 7.40 a.m. arr.

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Fares—Single, First 34s. 7d., Second 25s. 7d., Third 18s. 7d.

Return, First 68s. 3d., Second 49s. 3d., Third 33s. 3d.

Powerful Paddle-steamers with excellent Cabins, &c.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

PARIS IN TEN HOURS.

Commencing July 1, Special Express Day Service (Weekdays and Sundays) will be run as under:

London to Paris (1 & 2 Class). Paris to London (1 & 2 Class).

Victoria dep. 9 a.m. Paris dep. 9 a.m.

London Bridge 9 a.m. London Bridge 9 a.m.

Paris arr. 6.50 p.m. Victoria arr. 7 p.m.

This Day Express Service will be in addition to the Fixed Express Night Service, which will be continued as above.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time-Books, Tourist's Programmes, and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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TICKETS, at reduced fares, are issued by all Trains to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Southend-on-Sea, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Hunstanton, from Liverpool Street; also from Suburban Stations and East London Line (New Cross, &c.) at same fares as from Liverpool Street.

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SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA and BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH, 2s. 6d., Daily, from Liverpool Street, and all Stations on Enfield, Walthamstow, Loughton, and North London Lines. Through Excursion Tickets are also issued from Stations on Metropolitan Line.

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WM. BIRT, General Manager.

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Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Venetian Fêtes, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascinations and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

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The Tepitz springs have a direct effect in removing Gout and Rheumatism from the system, in curing sprains, dislocations, and fractures, gun-shot and sword wounds, paralysis, palsy, neuralgia, sciatica, and other nervous affections, &c.

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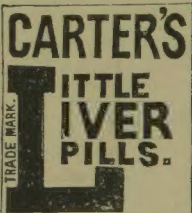
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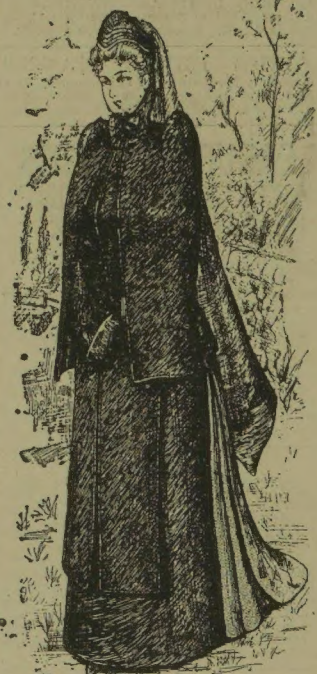
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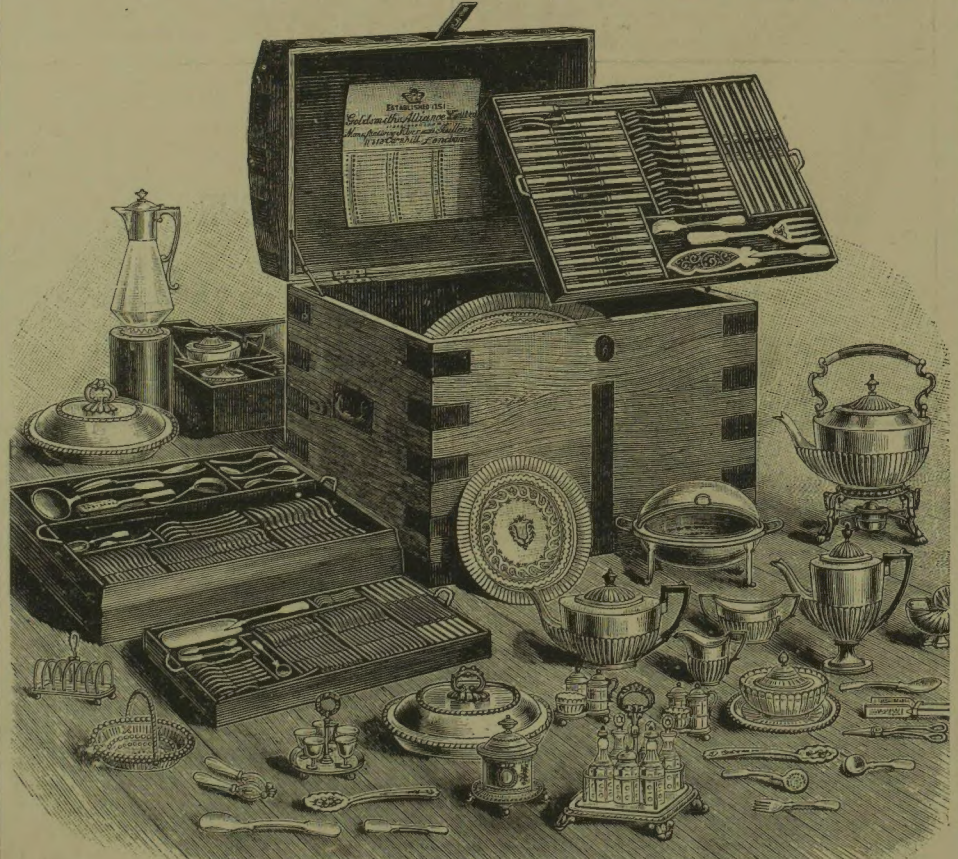
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Realistic Scenery of the Rhine, Heidelberg, Potsdam, Nuremberg, Munich, &c. Magnificent Illumination of the Gardens in the Evening by Pain and Sons.

At 3.30 and 8.30 p.m., in the Arena, "GERMANIA" (German Military Life), being a Life Picture of episodes from the Military and Civil History of the German Empire, combining elaborate scenic effects with realistic incidents, from ancient times to the present day. For particulars concerning admissions, &c., see London Daily Papers.

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His Serene Highness Prince Victor of Hohenlohe.

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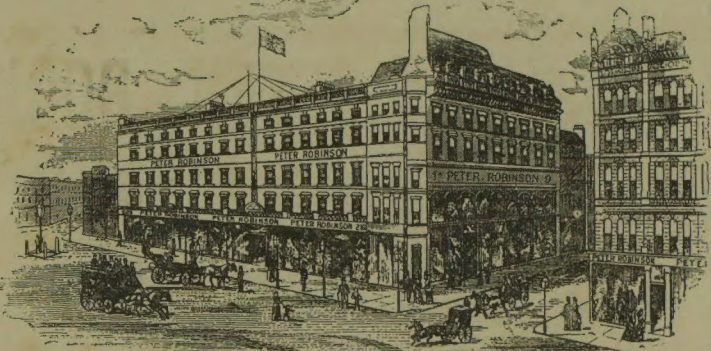
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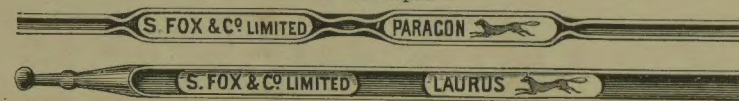
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BAGSOF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
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very roomy, in Morocco,
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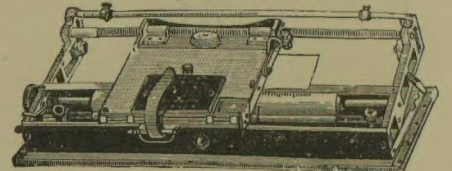
I live in the homes of rich and poor—
I live to do them good,
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The odours of the wood.

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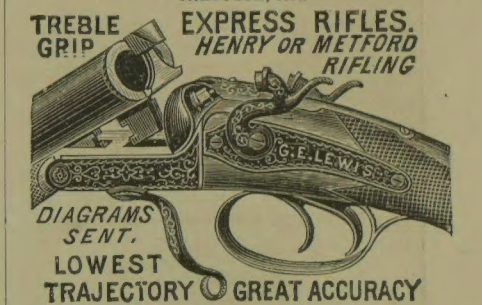
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